

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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*Makers of Finest Quality Biscuits*

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A pollinaris is the natural mixer with Scotch...  
ask for a Scotch and **POLLY**

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Jamaica's Best Cigar

 The best of spirits

**John Jameson ★★ Whiskey**

NOT A DROP IS SOLD TILL IT'S SEVEN YEARS OLD



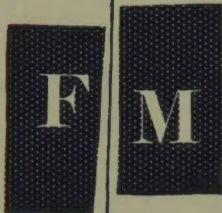
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PRODUCE OF SPAIN

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Luxury Toilet and Bath Soaps

Fortnum & Mason  
for the fundamentals  
and the frills



**STATE EXPRESS**  
**555**  
Cigarettes

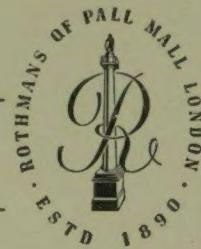


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ROTHMANS OF PALL MALL

LONDON, ESTABLISHED 1890



*60 Years of Fine Blending*

*50 Years of Filter making*

In the Nineties the increasing fame of Mr. Rothman's first shop began to attract orders from connoisseurs who recognised the skilful blending of Rothmans Cigarettes.

Even in those early days some cigarettes were made of greater length to please the fancies of gentlemen from the clubs around Pall Mall.

Today, many smokers prefer Rothmans King Size Filter cigarettes because the extra length cools the smoke on the way to your throat and the filter provides additional smoothness.

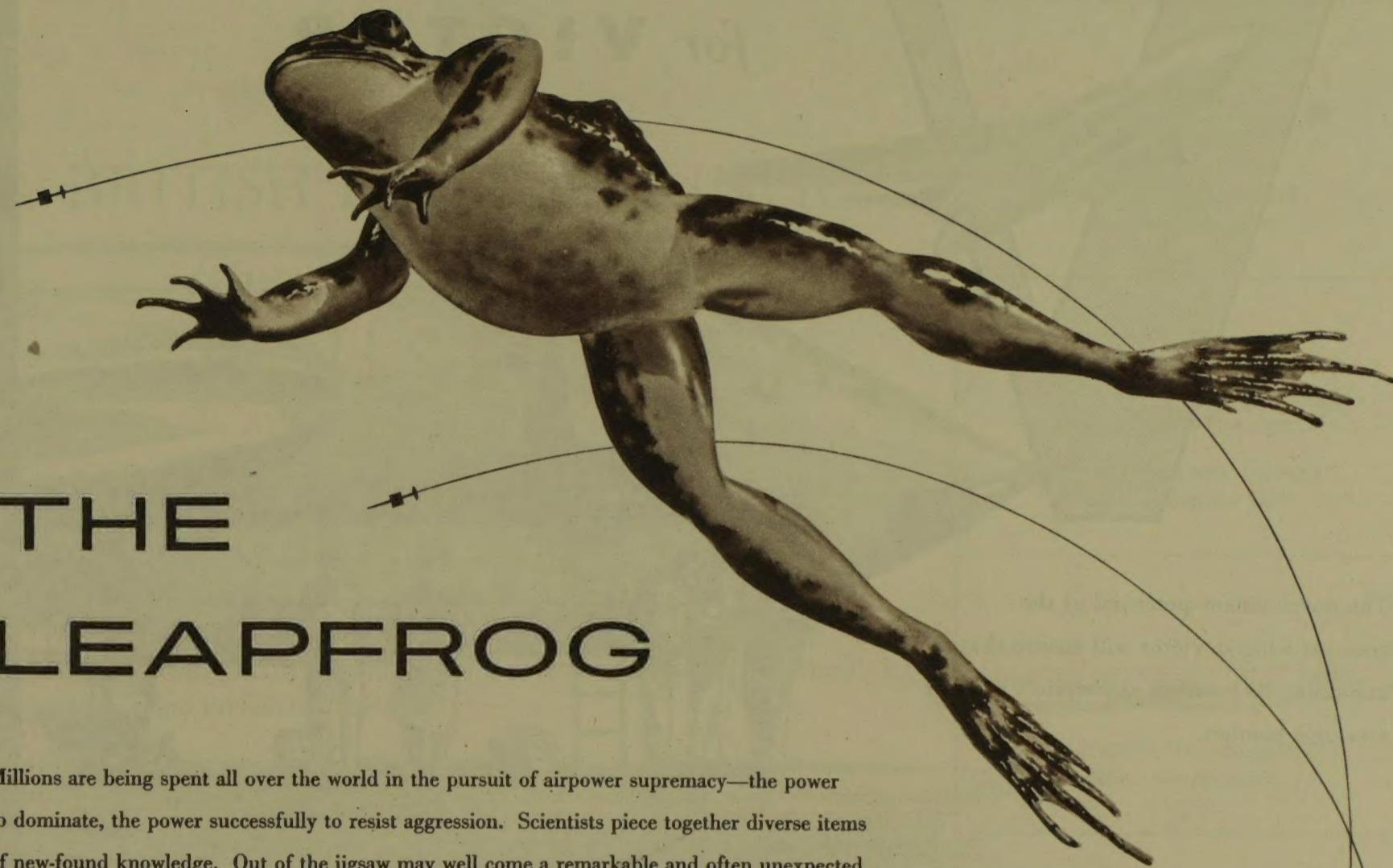
Behind Rothmans King Size Filter stand 60 years of experience of blending fine Virginia tobaccos and 50 years of filter making.



*Rothmans of Pall Mall*



Priced at 3/11 for 20  
in the compact turn-top box  
available at all good tobacconists.

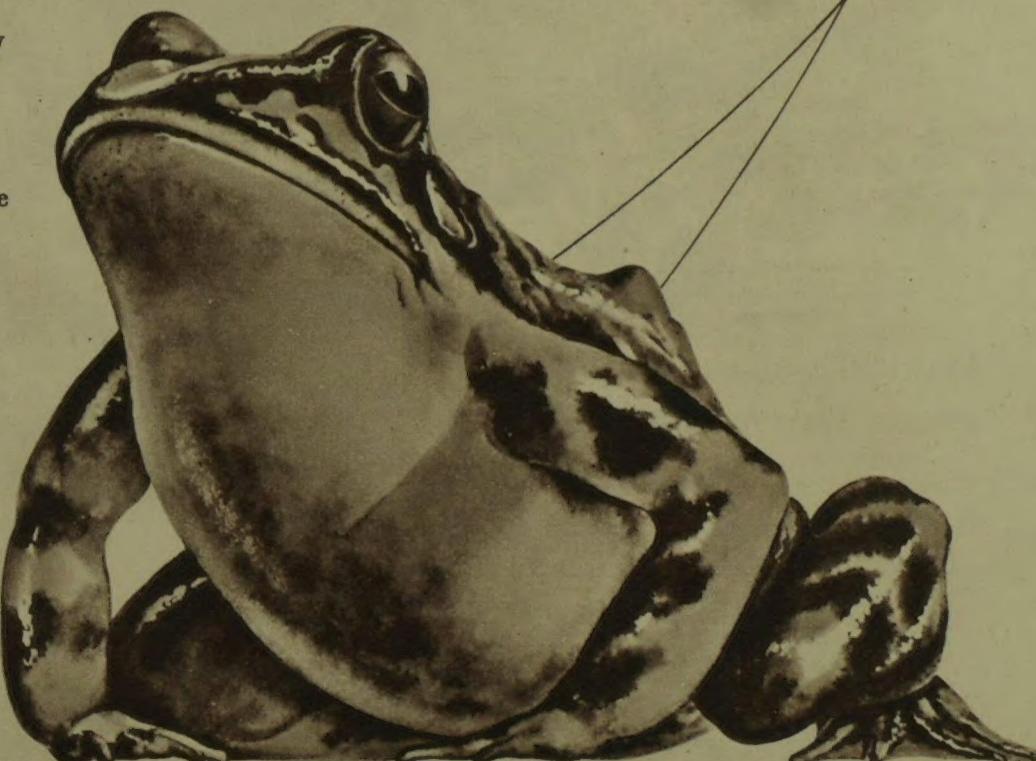


# THE LEAPFROG

Millions are being spent all over the world in the pursuit of airpower supremacy—the power to dominate, the power successfully to resist aggression. Scientists piece together diverse items of new-found knowledge. Out of the jigsaw may well come a remarkable and often unexpected advance that jumps the possessor far ahead. This we call "leap-frogging". In atomic power, our country has leap-frogged ahead in the peaceful industrial application of the Atom.

In the exciting new field of Guided Missiles the law of leap-frog will play its inevitable rôle. First one nation then another will be ahead with an offensive weapon. Concurrently or just behind will come the defence against that weapon. Looming over all will be the awesome destructive power of the H-bomb.

Scientists and research workers around the world are striving for the short cut to the perfect Guided Missile. There may be a short cut, though we doubt it. We in our Group know that with freedom and liberty dependent upon our ability to leap-frog, there can be no room for complacency. That's why we have four Companies deeply involved in Guided Missiles — Armstrong Whitworth, one of the pioneers, A. V. Roe, famous for the Vulcan Delta Bomber, Armstrong Siddeley, designers of the Sapphire jet engine and High Duty Alloys, leaders in Metallurgy.

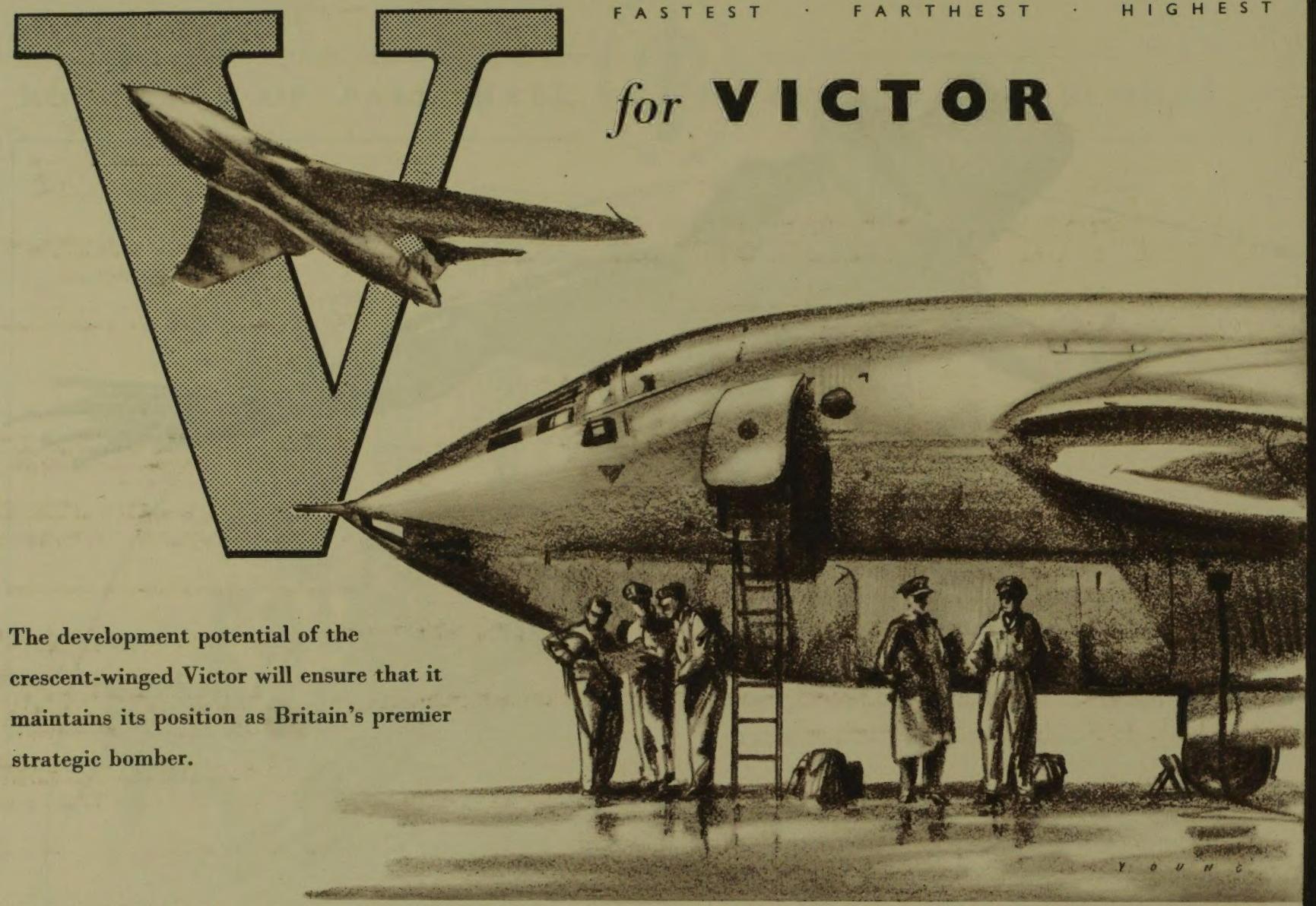


## RESEARCH at Hawker Siddeley Group

Pioneer . . . and World Leader in Aviation

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FASTEST · FARTHEST · HIGHEST

***for VICTOR***

The development potential of the crescent-winged Victor will ensure that it maintains its position as Britain's premier strategic bomber.

HANDLEY PAGE RADLETT · LONDON · READING



Short take-off performance speeds development in remote areas

Two ALVIS LEONIDES Engines provide the power behind the remarkable take-off performance of the Scottish Aviation Twin Pioneer—bringing safe, economical transport to previously inaccessible territories.



**ALVIS LEONIDES** Aero Engines

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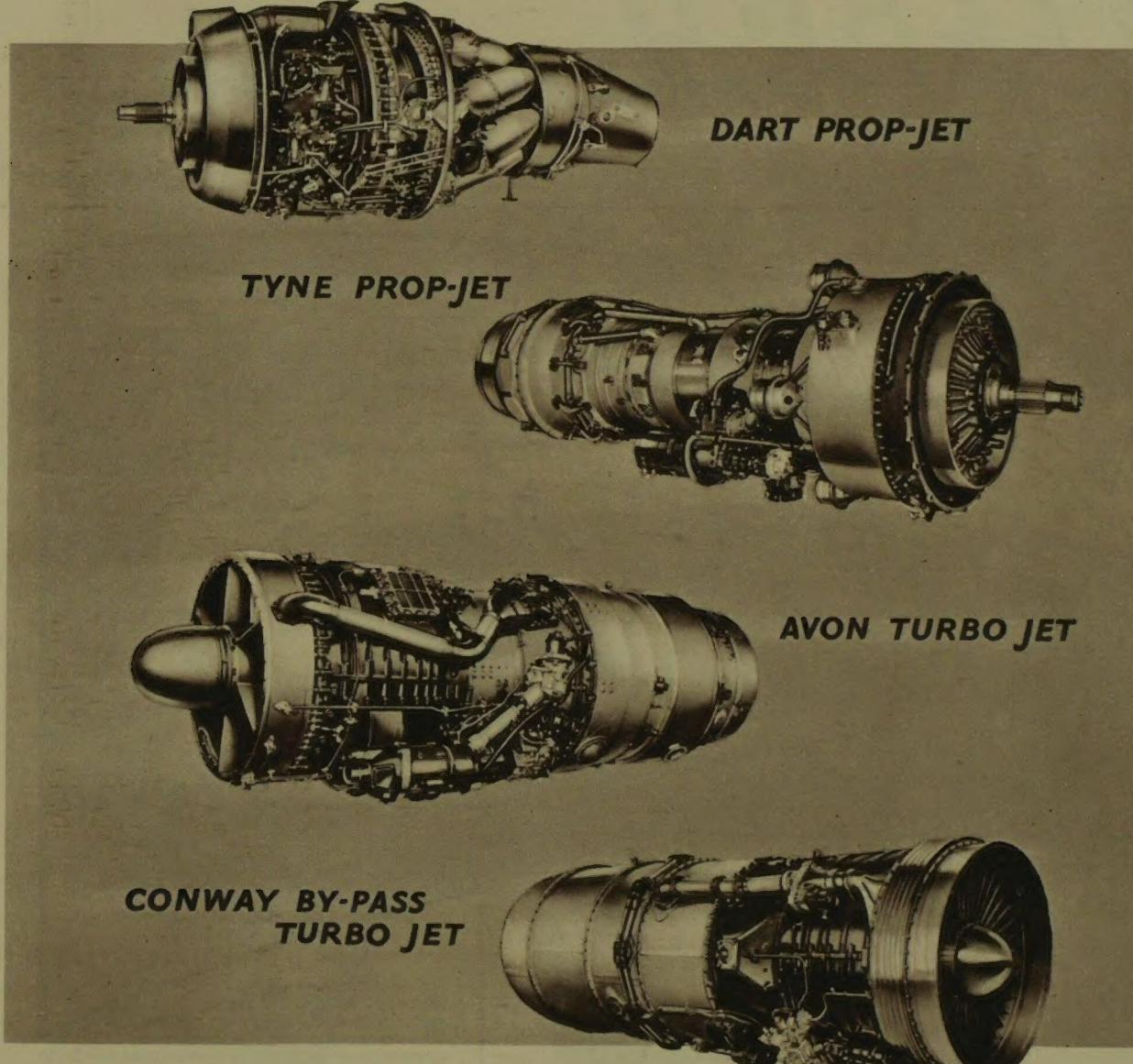


# BRITISH BUILT AIRLINERS *powered by* ROLLS-ROYCE

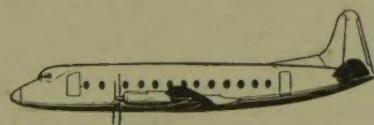
Rolls-Royce is in a unique position among the world's aero engine builders in offering four different types of gas turbine engines specifically designed for transport operations.

*34 of the world's airlines have chosen British built airliners powered by Rolls-Royce gas turbines.*

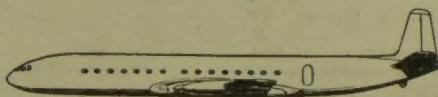
Rolls-Royce gas turbines have also been chosen to power American, Dutch and French built airliners.



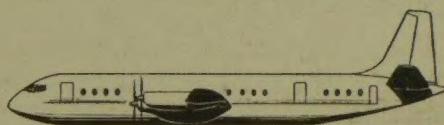
ROLLS-ROYCE LIMITED, DERBY, ENGLAND.



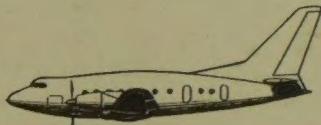
VICKERS VISCOUNT  
*Four Dart prop-jets*



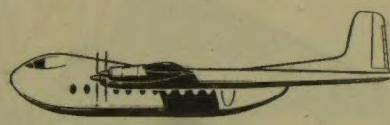
DE HAVILLAND COMET  
*Four Avon turbo jets*



VICKERS VANGUARD  
*Four Tyne prop-jets*



AVIATION TRADERS  
ACCOUNTANT  
*Two Dart prop-jets*



ARMSTRONG WHITWORTH 650  
*Four Dart prop-jets*



HANDLEY PAGE HERALD  
*Two Dart prop-jets*

## Westland WESSEX



**The World's First Free-Turbine Helicopter**

Airborne for over an hour and flown through every type of manœuvre of which helicopters are capable and at speeds over 120 knots—the prototype for the Westland Wessex has made a completely successful first flight.

The Napier Gazelle free-turbine engine, airborne for the first time, functioned smoothly and contributed a noticeable reduction in helicopter noise levels.

The Wessex, built to lift 2½ tons and designed primarily for anti-submarine operations, is on order for the Royal Navy. It is the first free-turbine helicopter in the world.

# WESTLAND

*The Hallmark of British Helicopters*

WESTLAND AIRCRAFT LIMITED

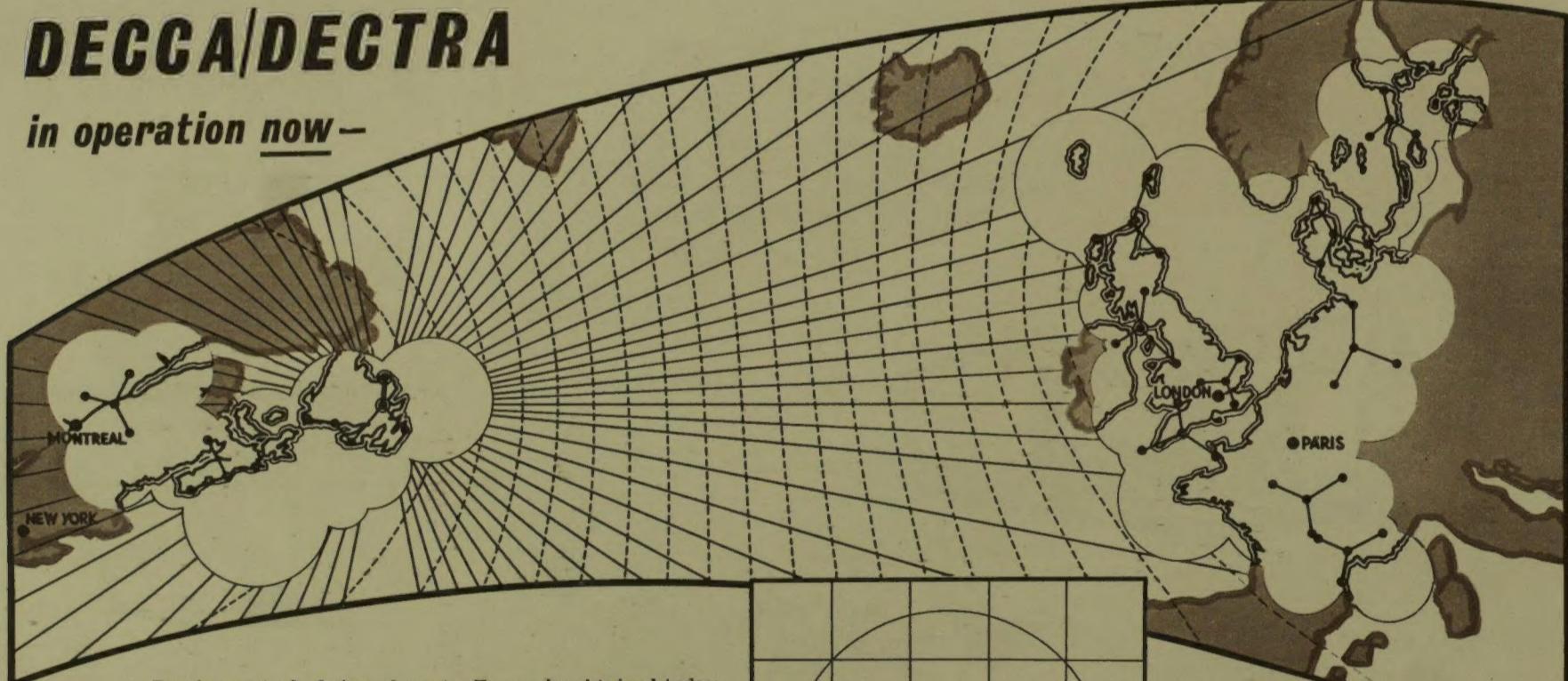
YEOVIL

SOMERSET

ENGLAND

## DECCA/DECTRA

*in operation now—*



Precise control of air and sea traffic can be obtained today by the use of Decca/Dectra the proven high accuracy area coverage system.

DECCA/DECTRA is the only navigation system providing high accuracy local coverage at any altitude with medium and long range parallel track facilities using the same airborne equipment.

DECCA/DECTRA is the only system which provides pictorial presentation.

DECCA/DECTRA is the most economical system in the world both in cost and in use of frequencies.

The report of the Jet Operations Requirements Panel of ICAO meeting in Montreal in June 1957 has this to say:

"The Panel recommends the adoption of an accurate and reliable short-range navigational aid based on the area coverage system and designed to provide pictorial presentation to the pilot in the cockpit. The Panel further recommends that the Sixth Session of the Communications Division should consider this recommendation as a matter of urgency."

Over 4,000 ships and aircraft are fitted with the Decca System which has been in operation for over 11 years.

Existing Decca high accuracy coverage is shown white within the boundary circles. The tracking pattern of the Dectra system, now undergoing operational trials, is shown by solid lines and the ranging pattern by dotted lines. Decca coverage provides a degree of accuracy sufficient for close parallel track separation and for terminal area procedures. Decca area coverage combined with the pictorial presentation of the Flight Log is the best answer to the ATC problem both en route and in terminal areas. An example of a terminal control zone flight path pattern based on Decca is shown on the left.

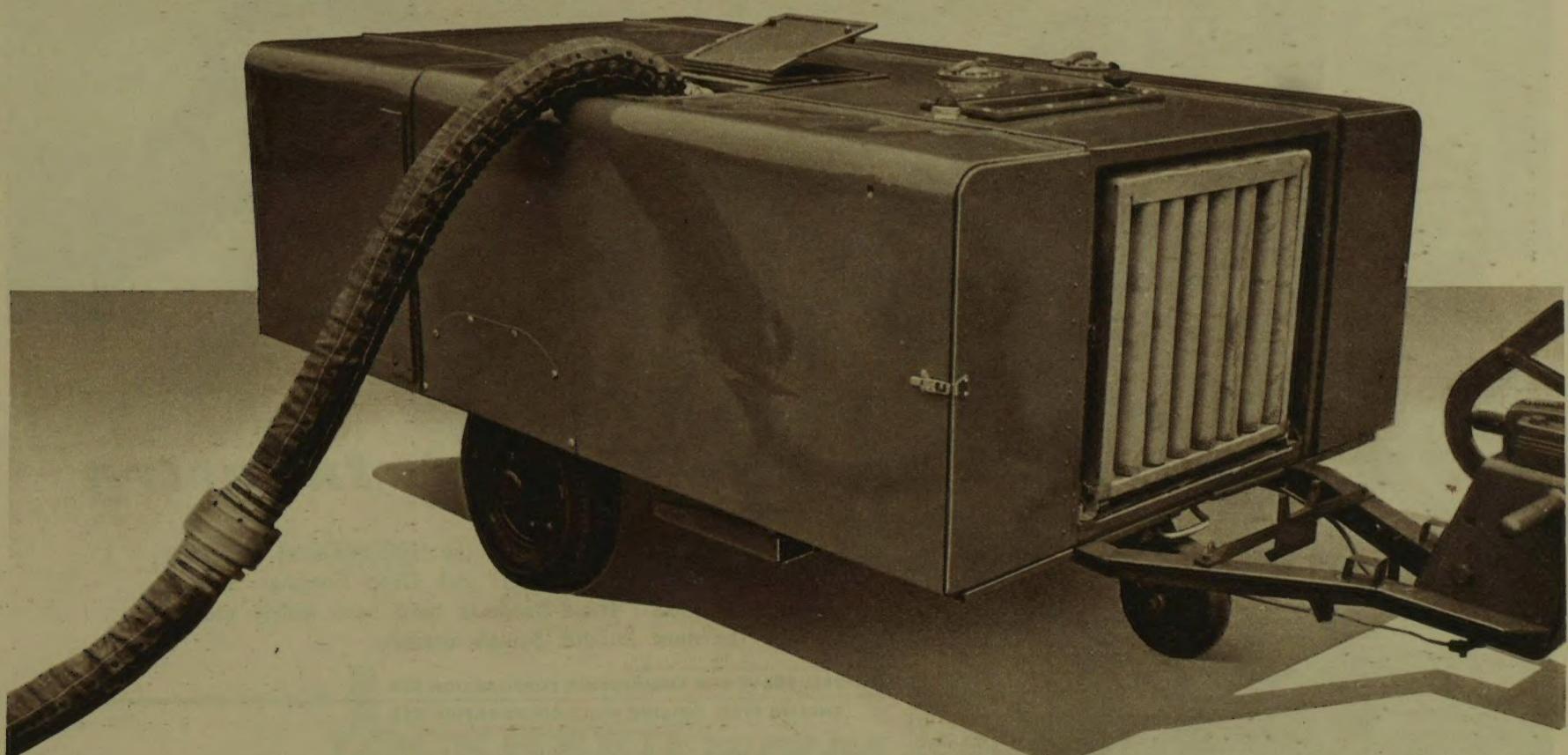
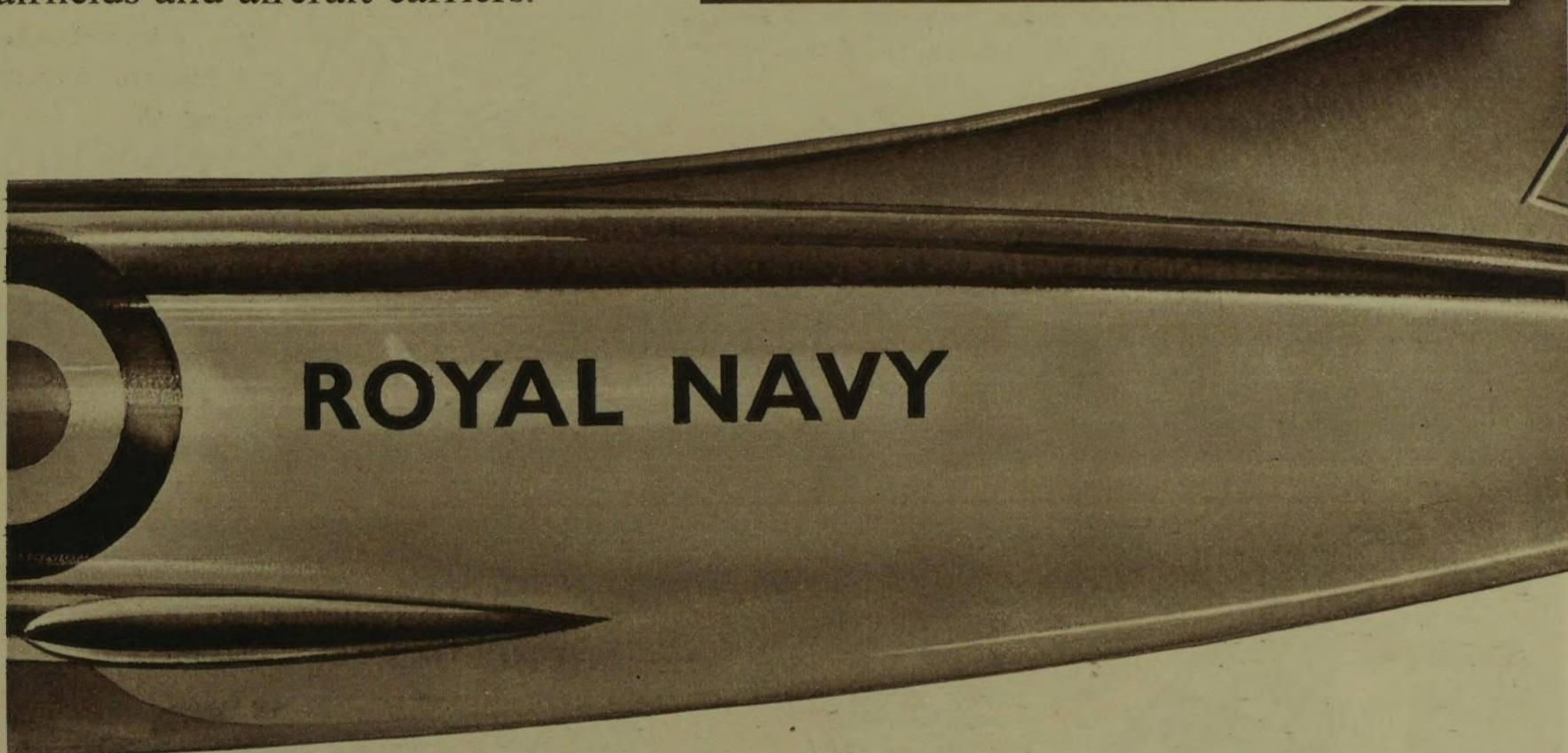
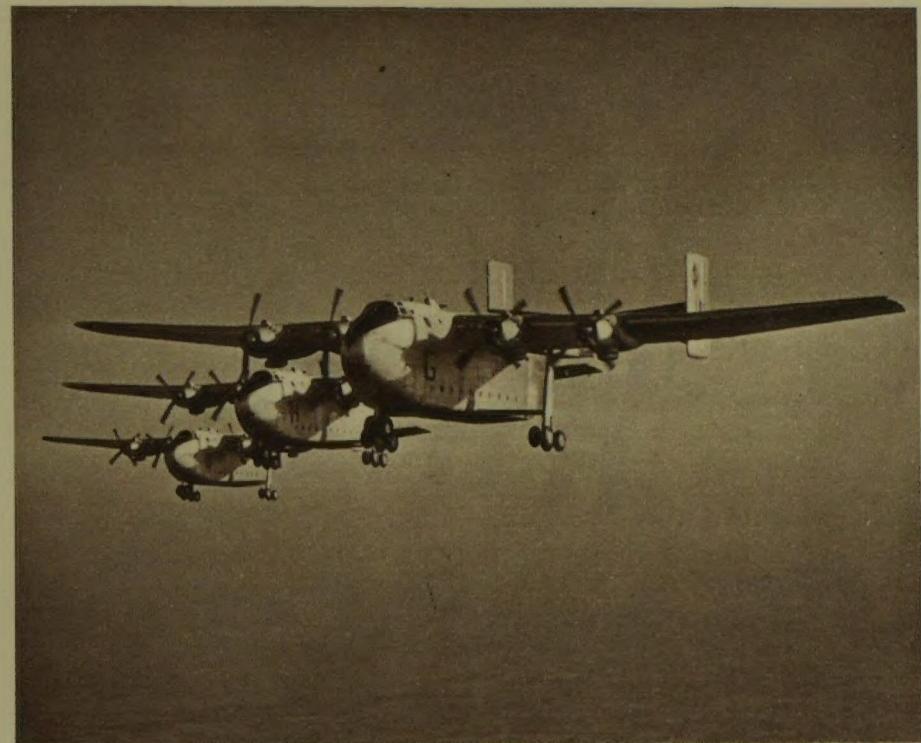
## DECCA/DECTRA

*the best solution to the air traffic problem*

THE DECCA NAVIGATOR  
COMPANY LTD LONDON

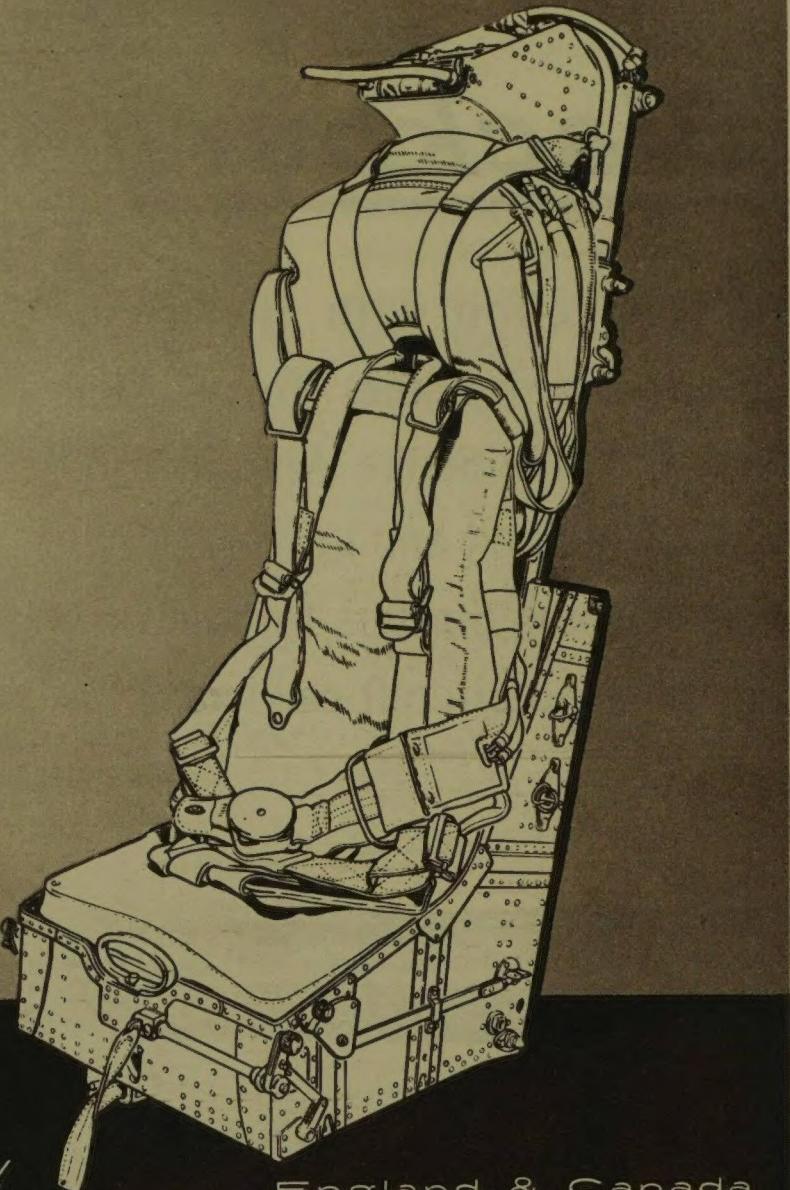
# Blackburn

in production with Beverley  
Transports for the Royal Air  
Force, NA39 Strike Aircraft for  
the Royal Navy and low-pressure  
Gas Turbine Starters for use on  
airfields and aircraft carriers.



# Mk.5

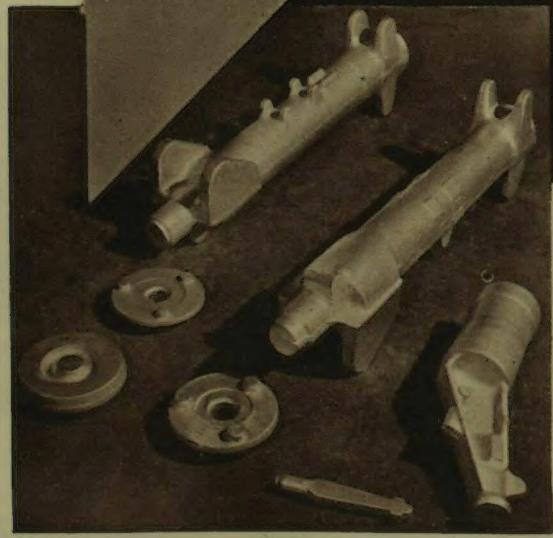
The Martin-Baker Mk.5 Ejection Seat  
is now being delivered in quantity  
to the United States Navy.



**MARTIN - BAKER**  
*Aircraft Company Limited*

England & Canada

**Drop  
Forgings  
and  
Steels**



**ESC**

**for the Aircraft Industry**

Since the first days of aviation the ESC resources for the manufacture of Special Steels and Drop Forgings have been unrivalled. These products have been widely used in all the most famous British aircraft.

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*Wonderfully quiet, due to advanced engineering features developed by Lockheed, the Starliner sets a new standard in air travel*

IN ALL AVIATION HISTORY NO AIRLINER HAS GIVEN PASSENGERS THE SMOOTH, FLOATING RIDE THEY WILL GET IN THE GREAT NEW **LOCKHEED STARLINER.** CUSTOM BUILT FOR TWA-TRANS WORLD AIRLINES, THIS WORLD'S LARGEST, LONGEST RANGE LUXURY LINER ENTERED SERVICE IN JUNE ON TWA'S **JETSTREAM FLIGHTS.**

*The Starliner is a product of LOCKHEED'S CALIFORNIA DIVISION*

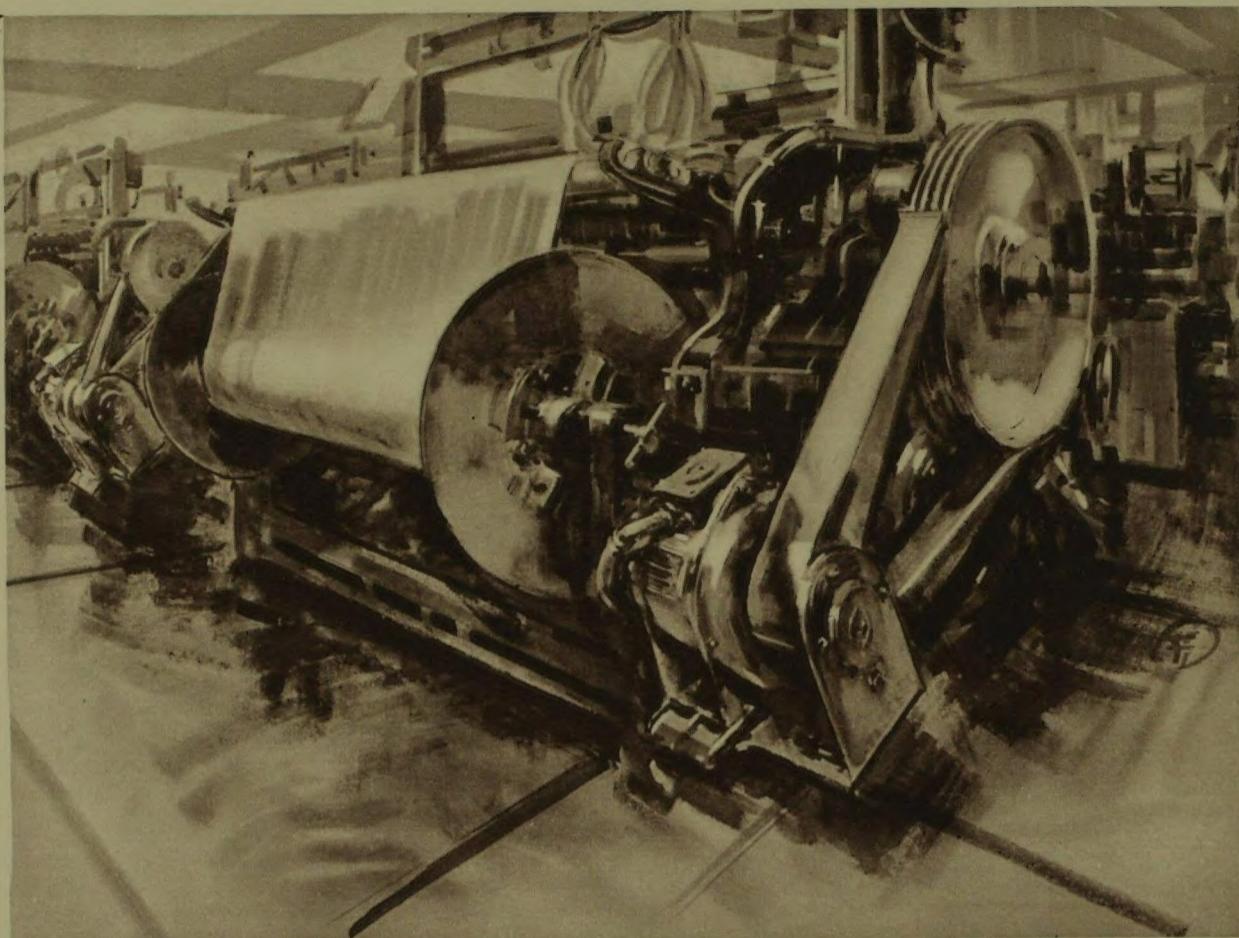
**LOCKHEED means leadership**

LOCKHEED LUXURY LINERS SERVE THE WORLD ON: Air France • Air-India International • Avianca—Colombian National Airways • California Eastern • Cubana • Dollar Associates • Eastern Air Lines  
Iberia—Air Lines of Spain • KLM—Royal Dutch Airlines • LAI—Italian Airlines • LAV—The Venezuelan Airline • Lufthansa—German Airlines • National Airlines • Northwest Orient Airlines • Pakistan International  
Qantas • Resort Airlines • Seaboard & Western • TAP—Transportes Aéreos Portugueses • Thai Airways • The Flying Tiger Line • Trans-Canada Air Lines • TWA—Trans World Airlines • Varig Airlines of Brazil

# 'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

Flashing shuttles and automatic looms—the textile industry is only one instance of the way in which electricity helps to make things better and more efficiently.

ENGLISH ELECTRIC plays its part here: making generating sets for the power station, equipment to control this power and bring it to the factory, and motors which use it to drive the machines. Active, up-to-date industries mean a higher standard of living for all of us.



## bringing you

Shops up and down the country now offer, at modest prices, an array of up-to-date fashions and fabrics that would have amazed and delighted the woman of fifty years ago. What was once the preserve of the wealthy few has been made accessible to all, and today's exclusive creations are reflected in everywoman's new outfit tomorrow. Part of the modern magic that makes all this possible is the speed and power of electricity, in every textile process from the yarn to the attractive clothes you buy.



## better living





### *Sole Colbert*

is one of the best, as well as one of the simplest, ways of preparing sole. Fried in egg and breadcrumbs, and with *Maitre d'Hôtel* butter put in the slit from which the backbone is removed.

## A Guinness Guide to Sole on the Menu

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to describe here, even very briefly, more than a small number of the ways of preparing sole. All of them are delicious; many of their names may call for explanation.

### SOME GOOD SOLE DISHES

SOLE MEUNIÈRE is fried in butter, served with lemon juice and melted butter. MORNAY: filleted, cooked in fish stock and served with cheese sauce. NORMANDE: fillets poached in white wine and served with oysters, mussels,

mushrooms and white sauce. ORLY: rolled fillets fried in egg and breadcrumbs and served with tomato sauce and fried parsley. BONNE FEMME: cooked whole in white wine and velouté sauce. Chopped mushrooms added to reduced sauce.

FLORENTINE: fillets cooked in butter, served on spinach with Mornay (cheese) sauce. DORIA: cooked in butter, served with cucumber. PROVENCALE: poached, served with tomatoes, mushrooms, shallots and garlic, cooked in olive oil. VERONIQUE: fillets rolled and poached, garnished with Muscat grapes.

**SOLE AND GUINNESS.** There are more ways of cooking sole than almost anything else, which shows how highly it is thought of. Its delicate flavour is well set off by the clean velvety taste of Guinness. And the smoothness of Guinness goes perfectly with the firm texture of the fish.

**THE APPETISING TASTE  
OF GUINNESS IS  
SPLENDID WITH SOLE**



# Master of the routes of moderate traffic density

The New Comet is the only developed jet airliner in the world.

The Intercontinental version will be operating on the services of B.O.A.C. by 1959. At 500 miles an hour the Comet can fly from England to Australia in less than a day and a half.

It is specifically designed to bring the incomparable comfort and speed of jet travel to the many world routes on which main cities are up to 3,000 miles apart. It pays its way on moderate traffic, uses air-fields of ordinary size.

Its quietness has been demonstrated and acclaimed around the world.

It has power to spare, ensuring a short take-off and an easy, capable climb. It lands slowly.

Its Rolls-Royce Avon engines are backed by a million hours of operating experience, and are never highly stressed in service. These features are important to safety as well as to comfort.

Its economy rivals that of any type of airliner—even on short inter-city stages.

The New Comet is first in the field of medium-capacity jet transport, of which it has the mastery.

# The New COMET

DE HAVILLAND WORLD ENTERPRISE

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1957.



HERALDING A NEW AGE IN AIR DEFENCE: THE BLOODHOUND GROUND-TO-AIR SUPERSONIC GUIDED MISSILE.

The Bristol Ferranti Bloodhound ground-to-air guided missile has now gone into quantity production for the R.A.F., and was shown to the Press for the first time on August 20 at Bristol. The Bloodhound is designed to meet the sudden and high-speed air attacks of the supersonic era, and these missiles, which are mobile and are launched from a rotating stand, will be linked to an early-warning radar system. When a target is discovered, the launching

stand automatically turns towards the approaching enemy, and, after firing, the Bloodhound seeks out its prey by means of radar, which enables it to defeat even violent evasive action by an enemy aircraft. The missile is driven by four booster rockets, which fall away after launching, and two ram jets. Other British guided weapons are the Fireflash and Firestreak (air-to-air); the Seaslug (sea-to-air), and the Thunderbird (ground-to-air).

Postage—Inland, 3d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 3d. (These rates apply as The Illustrated London News is registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper.)



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

ONE of the supreme safeguards of democracy, and without which no real democracy can exist, is the Freedom of the Press. And the indispensable condition of all freedom is that it should be exercised with a sense of responsibility, without which it inevitably degenerates into licence. For the essence of freedom in the political sense is that it is multilateral, not unilateral; it must not result in only one man or group of men being free to act or speak as they please regardless of the effect of such freedom on others, or it is not, politically speaking, freedom at all. Unfortunately for technical reasons it is difficult to operate a Press with a nation-wide circulation on any other basis. The right, without restraint of Government, to address the nation in daily print is necessarily confined to a handful of very rich men and their employees, because no one but a very rich man or group of men can afford to own and operate the mechanism of printing and disseminating daily news and comment over so wide a field.

I am not one of those who believe that therefore the Freedom of the Press is a sham and that it ought to be curtailed, as in the so-called "People's democracies" or totalitarian States, in favour of a Government monopoly of the dissemination of news and opinion. It is far better for the cause of human freedom that a few millionaires should provide alternative forums for educating and forming mass-opinion than that the Government should alone control such a forum, for this last would soon mean the end of free expression of opinion altogether. That someone should be able to express public disagreement with the Government is essential; a Big Brother beyond reach of public criticism is the prototype of tyranny in all ages and climes. Our Press Lords may not seem to us perfect, but, whatever their limitations, they save us from that. Like the child apostrophised by Hilaire Belloc, we should

always keep a hold of nurse  
For fear of finding something worse!

This system, however, places a grave responsibility on such rich men and on those who serve them. If they abuse the Freedom of the Press which they hold and exercise on trust, as it were, for the rest of the nation, they not only do immense harm, but bring freedom itself into suspicion and disrepute. Some of them exercise that trust with great restraint and sense of responsibility; others, unfortunately, do not. How small that sense of responsibility can be was shown by the treatment in certain sections of the Press of an attack on the Queen by two young men, one of them little more than a schoolboy, whose only obvious claim to the public ear is that they happen to have inherited peerages—scarcely one would have thought a very valid reason in these days, whatever it may have seemed in those of, say, Charles I or the Regency, for giving their immature opinions a nationwide publicity.

I cannot comment on the earlier, longer and more serious of these two personal criticisms of Her Majesty, for only short quotations from it were printed in the national Press and, though these seemed as banal in thought as they were offensive in expression, they were obviously quoted out of context, and it seems only fair to their author that the article in which they appeared should be read and judged as a whole, which I have not had the opportunity to do. But of the other and supporting attack on the Queen, its quality—if such a word can be used in such a connection—was easy to assess, for it was printed by sections of the popular Press in its entirety. It was the work of a youth of nineteen, who in an earlier age more critical of educational and social shortcomings would, I suppose, have been described as a hobbledehoy. It was printed by the editor of a weekly journal of egalitarian views and intellectual or semi-intellectual content, though it is hard to believe that had it been written by anyone without an hereditary title it would have been printed at all. It was thereupon reprinted on the front page of several popular dailies with huge circulations, given glaring headlines and brought to the notice of

the largest possible number of Her Majesty's subjects. The question arises, "Why?" To which the only convincing answer seems to be that the proprietors and editors of these papers wished to present their readers with sensational reading matter at the expense of every other consideration—truth, justice, elementary good manners, public policy—and that by trading on this young lordling's name they were able to do so. That by so doing they grossly insulted the Queen and outraged justice and common decency never seems to have occurred to them.

The Queen is a woman and as such, all questions of loyalty apart, is entitled to courtesy and chivalry. She is completely precluded by her position from answering any criticism, however unjust, and is expected, for the sake of the nation she serves, to eschew, both for herself and her family, all controversy and argument. She did not choose her position or embrace her exacting task; they were entrusted to her by the custom and traditional practice of our country. Four years ago she stood before us and our representatives in Westminster Abbey and vowed in the presence of God, with a touching sincerity and humility, that she would serve us to the utmost of her ability. I am not aware that the Queen has done anything in breach of the vows she made on that day of dedication; on the contrary, everything in her life of public service suggests that she tirelessly seeks to honour them. To abuse and insult her before millions because her voice or her clothes are not to the liking of some unimportant and immature young man who has had the temerity and bad manners to say so in public seems as unjust as it is mean.

It is obviously not possible for the Queen to speak or dress in a way that will command itself to every one of her subjects, because in such matters there is a wide diversity of individual taste; some affect or prefer one kind of speech and dress, some another. The Queen cannot in such manifestations of personality please everyone, nor is it desirable that she should try to do so; she is an individual and must express herself and herself alone, and can do no other. We, who in our corporate capacity have called on her to be our Queen and expect her to devote her life to our service, have no right to lecture her for not conforming to some individual and personal preference in dress, diction or taste. Fortunately most of us find the Queen's personality enchanting and love both to see and hear her as she is, but if, instead of having a voice like a clear bell, our Queen spoke to us in the accents of the huskier, sultrier kind of film star, dressed like a Teddy Boy's moll and interlarded her speeches with flowers of contemporary idiom like "pain in the neck" and "inherited lolly," what I have written would be equally true. It is a tyrannical invasion of personal liberty, as well as a gross impertinence, for a newspaper to use its mass circulation to hector the Queen as though she were a public entertainer whose business was to change her personality to suit the passing whims of popular fashion or the dictates of a television or film critic. It all shows a lack of balance and capacity for clear thinking on public issues, to say nothing of taste, that reflects very ill on our educational system.



DESTINED TO STAND ON TELEGRAPH HILL, SAN FRANCISCO: A COLOSSAL STATUE OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, RECENTLY COMPLETED AT VERONA.

This colossal statue of Christopher Columbus, which stands rather more than 13 ft. high, has been made at Verona by the Italian sculptor, Vittorio di Cobertaldo, on a commission by the San Francisco Arts Commission. It is to be erected at Telegraph Hill, overlooking the bay at San Francisco, it is understood, later this year. Our readers may recall that in 1955 the city of Genoa gave a colossal statue of the discoverer of America to the city of Columbus, Ohio; and a picture of this statue appeared in our issue of October 8, 1955. This latter statue is by Edoardo Alfieri and is approximately 20 ft. high.

What matters is not that some young man should have behaved foolishly and badly—most men behave foolishly and badly at some time or other in their lives—but that the Freedom of the Press should be abused to give such utterly disproportionate publicity to a juvenile insult to the Crown and its wearer. Nor is the incident an isolated breach of human courtesy and decency; on the contrary, it is part and parcel of the foolish and indecent prying into the *minutiae* of the private lives of the Queen and Royal Family—as snobbish as it is degrading to human dignity and intelligence—that is daily indulged in by the more sensational organs of the Press and that has itself played a part in evoking from muddled minds the facile and ungenerous criticism to which the Head of the State and Commonwealth has been subjected.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



THE MEDITERRANEAN. THE NEW 25,000-TON TANKER, *WORLD SPLENDOUR*, WHICH LATER SANK, BLAZING FURIOUSLY : SEAMEN CAN BE SEEN LEAVING BY THE STERN.

(Right.)  
THE MEDITERRANEAN. AN INJURED MEMBER OF THE CREW OF *WORLD SPLENDOUR* BEING RESCUED BY AN AMERICAN HELICOPTER.

Fire broke out on board the 25,000-ton oil tanker *World Splendour* following two explosions which occurred on Aug. 20. The next day the ship sank east of Gibraltar. Of the seventy-eight people aboard seven were unaccounted for and a number were injured. The tanker, bound from Fawley, Hants, to the Persian Gulf, was commissioned as recently as June this year and was owned by the Mercury Tanker Company of Liberia, which is controlled by Mr. Stavros Niarchos, the well-known Greek shipowner.



GIBRALTAR. SURVIVORS FROM *WORLD SPLENDOUR* BEING BROUGHT ASHORE. H.M.S. DELIGHT TOOK PART IN THE RESCUE WORK.



MOROCCO. A RECENT CEREMONY IN RABAT AT WHICH MILITARY OFFICERS SWORE ALLEGIANCE TO THE KING, HERE SEEN SEATED.

At a recent ceremony in Rabat, Moroccan officers, some of whom had returned from training in military schools abroad, took an oath of allegiance to H.M. Mohammed V, King of Morocco. The King, formerly the Sultan, announced his change of title on August 14.

INDIA. MR NEHRU LAYING FLOWERS ON THE PLATFORM IN DELHI WHERE GANDHI WAS CREMATED: PART OF THE INDIAN INDEPENDENCE CELEBRATION.

At a recent ceremony which was part of the celebration of the 10th anniversary of Indian Independence, Mr. Nehru, the Indian Prime Minister, laid flowers on the platform in Delhi where Gandhi was cremated. The celebration was officially inaugurated on August 14.

## A. WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



(Above.)  
NORWAY. PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE LIGHT OF THE MID-NIGHT SUN: FISHING BOATS NEAR BODO.  
The photographs of North Cape (right, above) and the fishing boats (above) were taken in June by the British Military Attaché in Stockholm, Lieut.-Colonel D. de C. Smiley, during a tour of North Norway. North Cape, regarded as the northernmost point of Europe, is a dark-grey slate rock.



NORWAY. THE NORTHERNMOST PROMONTORY OF EUROPE: NORTH CAPE. A SLATE ROCK, FURROWED WITH DEEP CLEFTS.



(Right.)  
IN THE GULF OF MEXICO. A SKY-KNIGHT LANDED ON THE DECK OF U.S.S. ANTIETAM BY PUSH-BUTTON CONTROL. The U.S. navy's "push-button" method of landing aircraft on carriers was demonstrated on August 19. About three miles from the carrier the pilot leaves the entire landing to the control van on deck.



FRANCE. POISED PRECARIOUSLY AFTER IT HAD CRASHED THROUGH THE PARAPET OF A BRIDGE BETWEEN ANTIBES AND CANNES: A COACH, FROM WHICH OVER FIFTY PEOPLE ESCAPED.



AUSTRIA. IN VIENNA: SMYSLOV, OF RUSSIA, PLAYING DURING THE SIMULTANEOUS GAME AT THE TWENTY-EIGHTH CONGRESS OF THE INTERNATIONAL CHESS FEDERATION.



AUSTRIA. THE CHESS CONGRESS IN VIENNA: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE SHOWING SMYSLOV, THE RUSSIAN WORLD CHAMPION, PLAYING DURING THE SIMULTANEOUS GAME.  
Our photographs, taken during the recent twenty-eighth Congress of the International Chess Federation, show Vasily Smyslov, the thirty-six-year-old Russian grand master, who became world chess champion in April, in play. Smyslov is the seventh chess champion of the world since the title was assumed, with general consent, by Steinitz in 1866.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



THE U.S.A. IN PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND: A SMALL GIRL FOUND WEDGED BETWEEN TWO BUILDINGS HOLDS THE HAND OF A DETECTIVE. BEFORE SHE WAS SAFELY RESCUED A HOLE HAD TO BE CUT IN THE SIDE OF A BREEZE-BLOCK GARAGE.



EGYPT. TO REPLACE THE ANZAC MEMORIAL IN PORT SAID: A STATUE OF AN EGYPTIAN PEASANT WOMAN. Two statues, one showing an Egyptian peasant woman and the other a peasant carrying an axe, are to be placed overlooking the Suez Canal at Port Said. One will stand on the site of the Anzac war memorial, which was destroyed by Egyptian hooligans; and the other on the site of the statue of Ferdinand de Lesseps, which was so wantonly blown up by the Egyptians last December.



EGYPT. TO REPLACE THE STATUE OF DE LESSEPS IN PORT SAID: A STATUE OF A PEASANT.



INDIA. ILLUMINATED DURING THE RECENT INDIAN MUTINY CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS: THE KHUNI DARWAZA IN DELHI.



INDIA. SCENE OF DESPERATE FIGHTING DURING THE MUTINY: THE KASHMIR GATE, IN DELHI, FLOODLIT DURING THE CELEBRATIONS.



INDIA. WHERE MANY OF THE MEN WHO DIED DURING THE SIEGE OF DELHI ARE BURIED: FLOODLIT ST. JAMES' CHURCH.



INDIA. ONE OF THE ILLUMINATED MONUMENTS CONNECTED WITH THE 1857 MUTINY: THE RED FORT OR LAL KILA IN DELHI. On August 14, 15 and 16, during the official joint celebrations of the centenary of the Indian Mutiny of 1857 and the tenth anniversary of independence, monuments connected with the 1857 battle in Delhi were floodlit. Four of the buildings with their centenary illuminations are shown above.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



**SYRIA.** SOME OF THE COUNTRY'S POLITICAL AND MILITARY LEADERS: (L. TO R.) PRESIDENT KUWATLY; KHALID BAQDASH; MAJOR-GENERAL AFIF BIZRI AND COLONEL ABDUL HAMID SARRAJ. These photographs show four of the military and political leaders who are in the news in Syria. President Kuwaty, who is seventy-seven, was elected President in 1943 and re-elected in 1948. After opposing Prime Minister Khalid al Azm's economic policy he was arrested in March 1949, and went into exile. He returned after Shishakly's fall in August 1954, and was re-elected

President a year later. Khalid Baqdash, secretary-general of the Communist Party, leads a parliamentary Communist party which consists of himself. Major-General Afif Bizri, who is said to be a Communist party member, is Chief of Staff. Colonel Abdul Hamid Sarraj, who is head of the Army intelligence service, has been called Syria's military dictator.



**WEST GERMANY.** EDER SEE: A VIEW OF PART OF GERMANY'S SECOND LARGEST RESERVOIR AFTER A MONTH OF DROUGHT WHICH DRIED OUT A THIRD OF THE WATER. FOR THE FIRST TIME FOR YEARS THE NIEDERWEBEN BRIDGE IN THE FOREGROUND CAN BE SEEN.



**ITALY.** ASKED BY A POLICEMAN TO LEAVE THE CENTRAL DUOMO SQUARE IN MILAN: A BRITISH TOURIST WHO PARKED HIS AMPHIBIOUS VEHICLE AND THEN STOOD ON THE ROOF AND SHAVED HIMSELF IN PUBLIC. A COMPLAINT ABOUT THE TOURIST'S BEHAVIOUR APPEARED IN A MILAN DAILY PAPER.



**WEST GERMANY.** DURING HIS ELECTION CAMPAIGN TOUR: DR. ADENAUER, THE WEST GERMAN CHANCELLOR, GIVING SWEETS TO CHILDREN AT SEEHEIM. Despite his eighty-one years Dr. Adenauer, the West German Chancellor, has been conducting an intensive federal election campaign tour. Our photograph shows him at Seeheim during his tour of villages in the Odenwald hills. The Federal elections are to take place on September 15.



**HUNGARY.** ON ST. STEPHEN'S DAY: MR. KADAR, THE COMMUNIST HUNGARIAN PRIME MINISTER, SPEAKING TO AN AUDIENCE OF ABOUT 25,000 AT KISUJSZALLAS. On August 20, which is St. Stephen's Day and the Hungarian national holiday, Mr. Kadar, the Communist Hungarian Prime Minister, uttered new threats against the opponents of his puppet régime when he addressed an audience of about 25,000, mostly peasants, at Kisujszallas.

**I**N Syria a new Commander-in-Chief, General Bizri, has taken over the Army. A small purge of officers took place about August 18; another little batch is reported to have been arrested on the 20th; the scythe may be sweeping wider as these words are written. The purge certainly extends beyond the Army. It has already reached political circles and is said to be overhanging diplomatic. It is, however, the Army that counts most. In this there is nothing new. For years now the Army has been the strongest political force in the country. General Bizri may or may not be a formal member of the Communist Party. He is a Communist in the sense that he is backing Russian ideas and Russian intervention.

At the time of writing, the President, Mr. Kuwatly, is in Cairo. It was said that he had left behind him a letter of resignation, but this had not been confirmed by August 22. At that date the President of the Chamber, Dr. Kudsy, was acting for him, an arrangement in accordance with the constitution—but the constitution itself has never been strong and is now in a very tottering phase. The next in succession is the Deputy President of the Chamber, Mr. Bashour. All three of these men incline to democratic principles, as these are understood in Syria. Dr. Kudsy, however, would not appear to be a strong man or, if this verdict is doing him injustice, to stand in a strong position at the moment. One candidate for the presidency is the Minister of Defence, Mr. Al Azm, an out-and-out Communist, and unlikely to be legally elected.

There have been reports of the arrival in Damascus of Russian technical advisers in industrial affairs and more sketchy and doubtful reports that specialists in aircraft, armour, and artillery have also reached the capital. It is well known that this modern equipment has been sent on a considerable scale since last November, and it could not be handled without instructors and mechanics. My impression is that, as has certainly been the case in the past, the scale has been exaggerated. It is hard to make the layman in these matters realise how much skill and experience is called for to work a fleet of tanks—and twice as much is wanted to work a fleet of military aircraft. For one of the size mentioned in the more flamboyant reports, Syrian airfields are inadequate, even if control and ground personnel were first-class.

Yet the essential thing is that, politically, economically, and militarily, Russia is "moving in." It might perhaps be said that she has "moved in" already. This is a matter of great moment and one with a significance which it would be folly to underrate. Politically, Russia has jumped across two members of the Baghdad Pact, Turkey and Iraq, and is establishing an armed camp in the heart of the Near East and amid the Arab States. This might be an important factor in a big war and puts Syria's neighbours, Jordan especially, in a risky position. Signs of anxiety have appeared in Amman. They are not surprising. Incidentally, we may note that Amman would have little cause for anxiety had the Government not abolished British support of the Arab Legion.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

### THE RED FLAG IN SYRIA.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

The situation in Syria has been set out in deliberately moderate terms. The reactions in London and Washington suffice to show that it is being taken very seriously. Yet it is not easy to see how "concern" can be translated into any form of restraint. Economic pressure could have no appreciable effect. Russia would see to that. Whatever may be the scope of her military programme for Syria, it can be taken for granted that she is prepared to support her protégé economically and, if necessary, financially. At the moment it appears that Whitehall and the State Department are merely watching developments, and they may be right in this.

This is not to say that no good purpose is served by the Sixth Fleet in this emergency. There is an external as well as an internal problem. The fleet might serve as a warning to Syria if she contemplated any external violence, against Jordan for example. It seems unlikely that she does—at present. Her defence forces are raw, in

the sense that they cannot get the best or anything like it out of the modern arms with which Russia has been supplying them. If Syria lacks patience, Russia does not. She has in all probability planned for Syria a phase of steady development rather than one of immediate action. That is what one would expect, though admittedly one cannot be certain of it.

So far the only conclusion has been that neither a show of force by the United States Sixth Fleet nor economic measures are called for and that they would, if put into force, neither induce Syria to call off her Communist revolution nor deter

Russia from supporting it. This sounds indeed a discomforting conclusion. Is there then nothing to be done? Before we answer let us make up our minds that Syria's conduct is her own affair and in no way comparable to that of Egypt before the Anglo-French action at Port Said. Let us also acknowledge frankly that, while Russia's action is unfriendly and cynical, it does not amount to overt hostility. And there is no point in making further pleas to Russia to cease creating unrest in the area. That is evidently her policy.

I think it might be worth while for the member States of the Baghdad Pact to announce that aggressive action against a neighbour State would not be tolerated. And yet, even in a step as simple as this, there would be an exception. It is not only Lebanon, Turkey, Iraq and Jordan that are neighbours. There is also Israel. Iraq's dislike of Israel is little less strong than that of Egypt and Syria. The Iraqi Government would be unlikely to try openly to deter Syria from attacking Israel, even if it deprecated such action. Iraq's course is never easy, as was shown the other day when her representative put the Arab case that British aid to the Sultan of Oman should be regarded as a threat to peace, and went out of his way to emphasise the cordial relations between Iraq and Britain.

The vague demand that the United States and the United Kingdom should "do something and do it quick" is untimely. It is based on ignorance

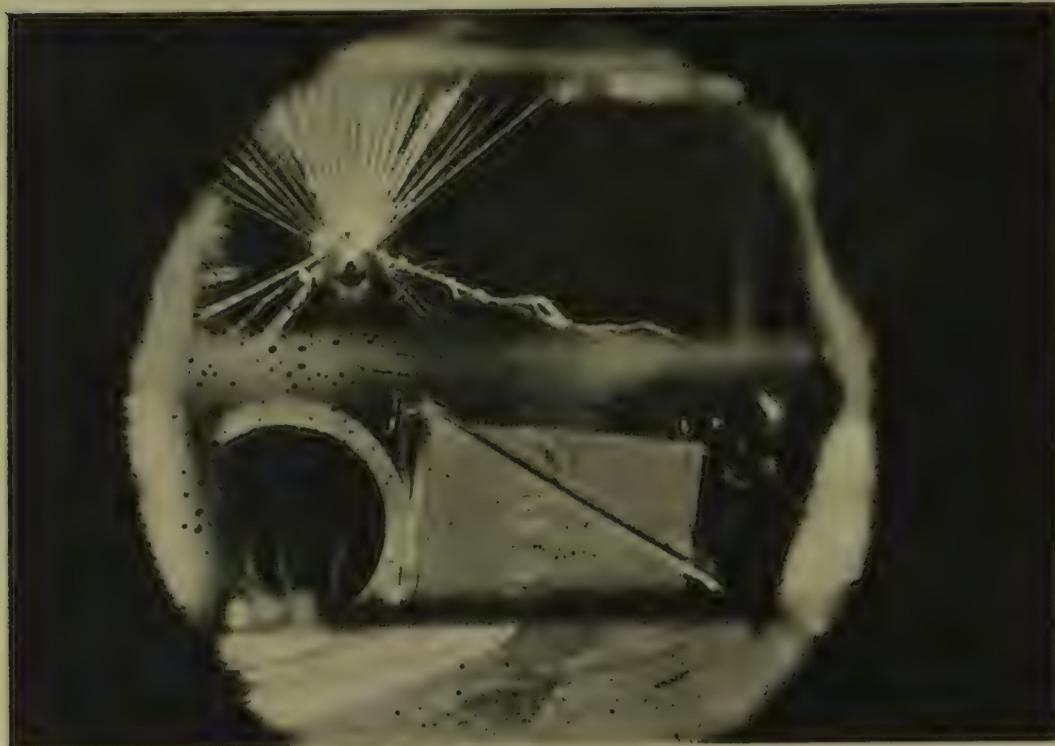
of the situation and possibilities. The Eisenhower Doctrine applies either to external aggression or internal subversion, but in both cases only at the request of the State concerned. In the old days an imbroglio of this sort might be cleared up by "sending a gunboat." Times change, however, and it is well to remember that upwards of half a century has passed since the last German Emperor nearly sparked off the First World War three years before it actually began by sending a gunboat to Morocco. The two Governments face a difficult problem. A meeting of the Baghdad Pact Powers might be useful. Above all, America and Britain should be clear in advance about what would constitute for Syria a step over the line.



AT THE START OF HIS WEEK'S VISIT TO EGYPT ON AUG. 18: PRESIDENT KUWATLY OF SYRIA, [REDACTED], WITH PRESIDENT NASSER AT CAIRO AIRPORT, AS THE TWO NATIONAL ANTHEMS WERE PLAYED.  
President Kuwatly arrived in Egypt on August 18 and had talks with President Nasser, returning to Damascus on August 25. In his article, Captain Falls discusses the recent pro-Russian developments in Syria, and their effect on other Middle East countries and on the Western Powers.

At the best, economic pressure would be disregarded; at the worst it might lead to another cutting of the Iraq double pipeline and its single American offshoot. Nor will the presence of the United States Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean make any great difference. The situation is different from that in which the fleet rushed to Beirut. Then Jordan, in friendly relations with the United States, was beset by revolutionary tumult, instigated, it is true, from outside, but exercised from within. The mere appearance of the fleet gave King Hussein all the backing he needed to extinguish the revolt. It may afford a little moral support to "democratic" opinion. No more can be hoped for.

**"A RINGSIDE VIEW OF THE HEAVENS": ASPECTS  
OF A RECORD-MAKING BALLOON ASCENT TO 102,000 FT.**



A PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE GONDOLA, DIRECTED AT AN ANGLED MIRROR, SHOWING, ABOVE, SHROUDS LEADING TO THE BALLOON; BELOW, THE PORTHOLE; AND BELOW THAT, THE DISTANT SURFACE OF EARTH.



THE EARTH FROM A GREAT BUT UNSPECIFIED HEIGHT: THE CURVE OF THE HORIZON CAN BE SEEN AT THE TOP AND, AT BOTTOM, THE TEMPERATURE-MEASURING DEVICE.



AFTER HIS RECORD-BREAKING ASCENT : MAJOR SIMONS BEING HELPED OUT OF HIS PRESSURISED SUIT.



SMILING AND APPARENTLY FIT: MAJOR SIMONS (CENTRE) WALKS TO A WAITING HELICOPTER, WITH (RIGHT) THE HEAD OF THE FIRM WHICH MADE THE BALLOON AND ITS EQUIPMENT



AFTER THE DESCENT IN NORTH DAKOTA: TWO U.S. AIRMEN EXAMINE THE GONDOLA. THE CRINKLED ALUMINIUM SURFACE WAS DESIGNED TO REFLECT THE SUN'S RAYS AT GREAT HEIGHTS.



RESCUE PARTIES, WITH HELICOPTERS AND LOCAL SIGHTSEERS, GATHER ROUND THE LANDED GONDOLA. THE WHITE PARACHUTE WAS FOR THE LAST-DISCARDED LOAD OF BALLAST.

On August 19, at 9.30 a.m. local time, Major David Simons, a U.S.A.F. doctor and head of the Air Force aero-medical laboratory's space biology branch, rose from the ground in a tiny gondola attached to a helium balloon and for 32 hours was suspended in outer space, chiefly at heights between 90,000 ft. and 100,000 ft., but reaching a new altitude record for a manned balloon of 102,000 ft. (as officially stated, but believed to be higher). The start of the flight was made from the bottom of a deep mine pit at Crosby, Minnesota—

and for 10 hours previous Major Simons had been inside a pressure suit in the 7-ft.-high by 3-ft.-diameter gondola breathing a mixture of oxygen and helium to accustom himself to it and to avoid the danger of the "bends." The landing was not officially witnessed, as ground trackers lost sight of the balloon, but it took place at 5.28 p.m. local time near Ellendale, in North Dakota on Aug. 20, when Major Simons stepped out of the gondola. During the night of August 19-20 the balloon rose steadily, reaching 100,000 ft.

[Continued opposite]

A MILESTONE TOWARDS SPACE TRAVEL:  
A MANNED BALLOON RECORD ASCENT.



A SELF-PORTRAIT IN OUTER SPACE: MAJOR D. SIMONS PHOTOGRAPHED HIMSELF FOR THE RECORD, IN THE BALLOON GONDOLA IN WHICH HE ASCENDED OVER 100,000 FT.



BEFORE THE ASCENT IN WHICH HE REMAINED AT HEIGHTS BETWEEN 90,000 FT. AND 100,000 FT. AND MORE FOR SOME 32 HOURS: MAJOR SIMONS IN HIS SPACE SUIT IN THE TINY GONDOLA.



THE BEGINNING OF THE FLIGHT: THE BALLOON LIFTING THE GONDOLA AND LOOKING "LIKE AN ENORMOUS EXCLAMATION MARK," RISING FROM THE BOTTOM OF AN OPEN MINE PIT AT CROSBY, MINNESOTA.

*Continued.*  
15 hours after the start. Later, cold contracted the helium and it sank, but Major Simons jettisoned ballast to avoid descending below 68,000 ft. The sun later expanded the helium and took the balloon up again. Major Simons was in radio contact with his base and among his comments was "I have a ringside view of the heavens, it is indescribable." Although he occasionally "napped" for short periods he issued a steady stream of reports and seems



THE BALLOON AND ITS GONDOLA ON THE WAY UP. THE BALLOON WAS DESIGNED TO EXPAND TO A DIAMETER OF 202 FT. THE CONTROL OF LIFT AND DESCENT WAS EFFECTED BY ELECTRIC VALVE AND THE USE OF BALLAST.

to have suffered no serious fatigue. U.S.A.F. officials claim that this experiment proves that human beings can live outside the earth's atmosphere "by taking their own atmosphere with them" and are therefore capable of space travel. It is suggested that a five-man balloon on the same lines will be planned for further experiments projected to aid the designing of aircraft capable of space travel—a milestone to the "science fiction" future.

## A MATURE PEOPLE BUT A YOUNG NATION.

"THE AUSTRIAN ODYSSEY": By GORDON SHEPHERD.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THE title of Mr. Gordon Shepherd's book may, at first sight, give a false impression of its nature. In our time it has been very common for young men to wander about areas, especially troubled areas, near and remote, and then publish accounts, often graphic, picturesque, and entertaining, of their personal adventures and encounters. Let it not be supposed that this is another racy narrative of that kind. Mr. Shepherd, in his capacity first as serving soldier and then as newspaper correspondent, has doubtless travelled widely in the Danube Basin and had exciting experiences: he mentions, quite incidentally, that he was in Hungary throughout the period of the national revolt last year and the brutal Russian invasion, which is still having its aftermath in an apparently unending series of mass-arrests and executions. But this book does not tell the story of his own Odyssey through Austria, but of Austria's Odyssey through the history of the last ninety years. It is the sort of book which is more likely to be written by a thoughtful young don than by a perambulating journalist, however well-informed about contemporary affairs and political figures. A clue to this idiosyncrasy lies, perhaps, in the fact that, before his eight years in the Army (the last three on the Staff in unfortunate Vienna), he took a Double First in Modern History at Cambridge.

This is, in fact, a serious politico-historical survey, which must intensely interest students of international affairs and informed persons anxious about the future, but will certainly not afford light reading to people fascinated by the romantic old word "Odyssey," or the kind who think that the future of Europe can be left to chance, because nobody can do anything about it; and it certainly won't attract those who are fanatically attached to special political and economic doctrines, which they regard as of universal application, never having thought of Europe as an entity in their lives.

The Austrians, says Mr. Shepherd, are "one of the maturest of Europe's peoples, yet one of

scholars: Austria-Hungary, we were told, was "a ramshackle Empire," which ought to be broken up into its component parts, because those parts (a dozen or more of them) consisted of peoples "rightly struggling to be free." When the Versailles Treaty came to be made (not by the kind of experienced princes and diplomats who made the Treaty of Vienna, and, at long range, the Concert of Europe) what did Clemenceau, Lloyd-George or Wilson know about the historical function of the Empire, as a guardian between East and West, and as a barrier between Prussia and the East? Nothing at all: the result has been that the "succession-states"—all too small to defend themselves—have fallen victims, first to the Germans and then to the Russians.

One mustn't simplify things too much, of course. When the Archduke Franz Ferdinand



THE GERMAN ANSCHLUSS, MARCH 1938: A MOURNFUL AND NERVOUS MEMBER OF THE VIENNESE BOURGEOISIE, CONSOLED BY HIS WIFE, PLAYS FOR SAFETY BY HOISTING THE SWASTIKA ON HIS UP TURNED UMBRELLA. THIS ELOQUENT STREET SCENE SURVIVED THE NAZI CENSORS TO PORTRAY THE CONTEMPORARY REACTION OF MANY AUSTRIAN "WAVERERS."

as elsewhere, resistance had its many martyrs. He also gives a full account of the ten years of Allied occupation of Hitler's first victim, whom we were supposed to have liberated. I remember a Hungarian saying that the Russians had "liberated Buda-Pest to the last loaf of bread": to the best of their ability they proceeded on similar lines in Austria, abducting anything they fancied under the name of "reparations" and spinning out discussions for ten years, in complete defiance of the agreement that the first object of the Allies was to be the restoration of Austria.

THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR. GORDON SHEPHERD. Mr. Shepherd was educated at Latymer and Cambridge University. He served in the Army from 1940 until the beginning of 1948, at which time he was a Lieutenant-Colonel with the British High Commissioner's staff in Vienna. Having gone to Austria on the Intelligence Staff of the Eighth Army he had the opportunity of seeing the first three years of the post-war struggle between East and West in Vienna. On leaving the Army he joined the foreign staff of the *Daily Telegraph* and after a short time went back to Vienna to run their office for Central and South-East Europe.

What of the future? I fear that the clarity of his diagnosis does not imply that he has any very probable cure. Austria (and the Kingdoms she had acquired, as the old Latin couplet had it, not by war but by marriage) was long a barrier against the East, the defeat of the Turkish host outside Vienna in the reign of our Charles II being the climax of her achievement. Europe is still under menace from the East, and it is impossible to ignore the fact that a reintegrated Germany may once more have expansive aims and be a menace to us all. "Few other nations," Mr. Shepherd observes, "are so exposed, economically and geographically, to the threat of both German and Soviet infiltration, and only an integrated Europe can provide a permanent safeguard against both. Within the



THE AUSTRIAN CHANCELLOR, ENGELBERT DOLLFUSS (CENTRE), SEEN WITH, ON HIS LEFT, THE AUSTRIAN FEDERAL PRESIDENT, WILHELM MIKLAS, AND, ON HIS SECOND RIGHT, THE HEIMWEHR LEADER, PRINCE STARHEMBERG.

the rawest of her nations." "This book," he goes on, "tells the story of that paradox in modern times, tracing the painful emergence of Austria's state-patriotism in the century between the Empire's pistol-point divorce from Bismarck's Germany in 1866 to the State Treaty which restored the sovereignty of the Second Republic." But it is more than that: it is a history of the last years of the useful and, on the whole, humane and tolerant, Dual Monarchy of the Habsburgs, the value and merits of which Mr. Shepherd fully appreciates. Somebody said, long ago, that if the Dual Monarchy hadn't existed it should be invented. Bismarck (a cold-blooded Prussian expansionist but a man capable of reason) said that those who wished the break-up of the Dual Monarchy wanted "the Balkanisation of Europe." That is what we now have. Men of my generation can remember the mass-propaganda in that direction put out by romantic correspondents and

(whom Mr. Shepherd recognises as a good man and far-seeing statesman) was murdered at Sarajevo (his wife was murdered, too, as usually happens when these reformers get moving), he wasn't murdered because he was going to oppress anybody: he was murdered because he had a scheme, which might have saved Europe, and the world, from two orgies of carnage, for turning the Dual Monarchy into a Triple Monarchy, with all the Slav subjects of the Empire a separate

unit, with the Germans (or German-speaking peoples) and the Magyars. That wouldn't have suited Serbian national ambitions. Even at that the situation might have been saved, and both ghastly wars averted, had there not been a group in Berlin, represented by a German hot-head in Vienna, which actually wanted a war. Had the Archduke (a very able Habsburg) lived to have his way the Empire would still have been a tessellation of a dozen different peoples, but some grievances would have been removed, especially among the minorities subject to the Magyars, and some aspirations would have been satisfied. We know what happened: and what with invading German tyrants and invading Russian tyrants there must be people in those "succession-states" who unavailingly sigh for the Old Order.

Mr. Shepherd gives us a lucid account of what has happened since 1918, and especially of the persistent Austrian underground resistance to the Nazis, even before the last war broke it; there,



SEPTEMBER 19, 1955: A RUSSIAN OFFICER, ALLEGEDLY THE LAST MEMBER OF THE SOVIET GARRISON TO EVACUATE AUSTRIAN TERRITORY, HURRYING TO CATCH HIS TRAIN AT BRUCK-AN-DER-LEITHA WITH A PARCEL OF FOOD.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "The Austrian Odyssey," by courtesy of the publishers, Macmillan and Co.

pan-European movement, Austria's supreme usefulness could be to explore ways and means of linking at least the more "westerly" of the satellites, such as her neighbours Hungary and Czechoslovakia, with the Strasbourg idea."

But even if the 7,000,000 Austrians believe in their ability to serve Europe, their chance to "explore ways and means" does not seem very bright to-day in Prague, and dim indeed in Hungary. He really wants a restored Danubian federation. But though it was not difficult to dismember the Habsburg dominions, what likelihood is there of all the king's horses and all the king's men putting Humpty-Dumpty together again? Even "the pan-European ideal" is having an uphill struggle in some countries—notably this one.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 358 of this issue.

## SOME PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:



**A NOTED HORSE BREEDER DIES : MISS YULE.**  
Miss Gladys Yule, who died at Hanstead House, Bricket Wood, Herts., aged fifty-four on Aug. 24, was a noted breeder of horses, controlling an Arabian stud of international repute, and owned prize-winning herds of cattle. Just before her death she saw on television one of her racehorses win at Lingfield. She was Chairman of the Ponies of Britain Club.



**A LOSS TO THE WORLD OF MUSIC: PROFESSOR E. DENT.**  
Prof. Edward Dent, whose death occurred at the age of eighty-one on August 23, was a noted authority on English music, the author of books on Mozart, Handel and other musicians, and on various aspects of opera, and was a founder member of the International Society for Contemporary Music, of which he was also President since its inauguration. He was Professor of Music at the University of Cambridge from 1926 to 1941.



**A FAMOUS FIGURE: THE LATE ADMIRAL LORD MUNTEVANS.**  
Admiral Lord Mountevans, who died in Norway on August 20, aged seventy-five, was a great naval officer and a legendary figure who was generally known as "Evans of the Broke," a distinction he earned in 1917 when commanding the destroyer *Broke*. Earlier he took part in expeditions to the Antarctic with Scott. In 1921 he swam to the wreck of the *Hong Moh* in China Seas and saved 221 people.



**A BUNDESWEHR TRIAL: THE ACCUSED, LT. A. SOMMER (LEFT), SGT. J. SCHAEFFLER AND SGT. D. JULITZ (RIGHT).**

On August 23, Sgt. Julitz of the Bundeswehr was sentenced, at a court in Kempten, W. Germany, to eight months' imprisonment for negligence in connection with the drowning of fifteen recruits in the River Iller in June. Sgt. Schaeffler and Lt. Sommer, also accused, were acquitted.



**AN EMINENT AUTHOR AND WIT DIES : MONSIGNOR RONALD A. KNOX.**  
The Rt. Rev. Mgr. Ronald Knox died aged sixty-nine on August 24. He was a noted preacher and wit, and his literary work included clever satire, a modern translation of the Bible, detective novels and other types of fiction, and works on theological and scholarly subjects. He was President of the Oxford Union at the age of twenty. Entering the Roman Catholic Church in 1917 he was later for fifteen years Chaplain to Catholic undergraduates at Oxford.



**THE CROSS-CHANNEL SWIMMING RACE: MISS ANDERSEN, THE WINNER (LEFT), MR. BUTLIN, AND MR. WRAY, RUNNER-UP (R.).**  
Miss Greta Andersen, thirty, of Denmark, was the first home of the only two swimmers to finish the cross-Channel race from France to England on August 21. Her time was 13 hrs. 53 mins. Mr. Billy Butlin (centre) sponsored the race and Mr. K. Wray, of England (right), was runner-up. Besides the trophy, Miss Andersen won £500 prize money.

## PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**NEW ARCHBISHOP OF MELBOURNE : THE RT. REV. FRANK WOODS.**

The Right Reverend Frank Woods, Bishop Suffragan of Middleton, Lancs., has been appointed Archbishop of Melbourne, Australia. He was appointed to Middleton in 1952, and was previously Vicar of Huddersfield. The enthronement is expected to be in the autumn. His father, a former Bishop of Lichfield, declined the same Australian appointment 30 years ago. He is married, with four children.



**LIBRARIAN AT THE VATICAN DIES : CARDINAL MERCATI.**  
Cardinal Giovanni Mercati, Librarian and Archivist of the Holy Roman Church, died aged ninety at the Vatican City on August 22. He was ordained in 1889; three years later being appointed to the Ambrosian Library, Milan, and in 1898 to the Vatican Library. He wrote on the translation of Eastern Manuscripts and was a widely honoured scholar.



**MOURNING MR. A. BEAUCHAMP, WHO TOOK HIS OWN LIFE: HIS WIDOW, PARENTS AND BROTHER.**

Funeral flowers were sent to a hospital in London following the cremation of Mr. Antony Beauchamp, the West End photographer and son-in-law of Sir Winston Churchill, who, it was found at the inquest, took his own life by barbiturate poisoning on August 18. His widow is Miss Sarah Churchill, the actress.



**A GREAT OBSTETRICIAN: THE LATE SIR CHARLES READ.**  
Sir Charles Read, who died on August 21 aged fifty-four, was President of the Royal College of Obstetricians and Gynaecologists and Director of the Institute of Obstetrics and Gynaecology. He was gynaecological surgeon and consultant to several prominent hospitals in the London area. He received his knighthood in January.



**FIVE CAR SPEED RECORDS: STIRLING MOSS.**  
Stirling Moss, the British racing driver, set up five new international speed records in Class F (up to 1500 c.c.) in a British M.G. EX-181 on the Bonneville Salt Flats in Western Utah, U.S.A., on Aug. 23. His speed for the 1 kilometre record was 245·64 m.p.h., the previous record being 204·3 m.p.h.



**A NEW CHANNEL SWIMMING RECORD: COMDR. G. FORSBERG.**  
Commander Gerald Forsberg, R.N., who is forty-five, set up a new England to France Channel swimming record on August 21 when he made the crossing in 13 hrs. 33 mins., beating the previous record, set up by Miss F. Chadwick, of California, in 1955, by 22 minutes. He is an Assistant Director of Boom Defence and Marine Salvage at the Admiralty, is married, and has two children.

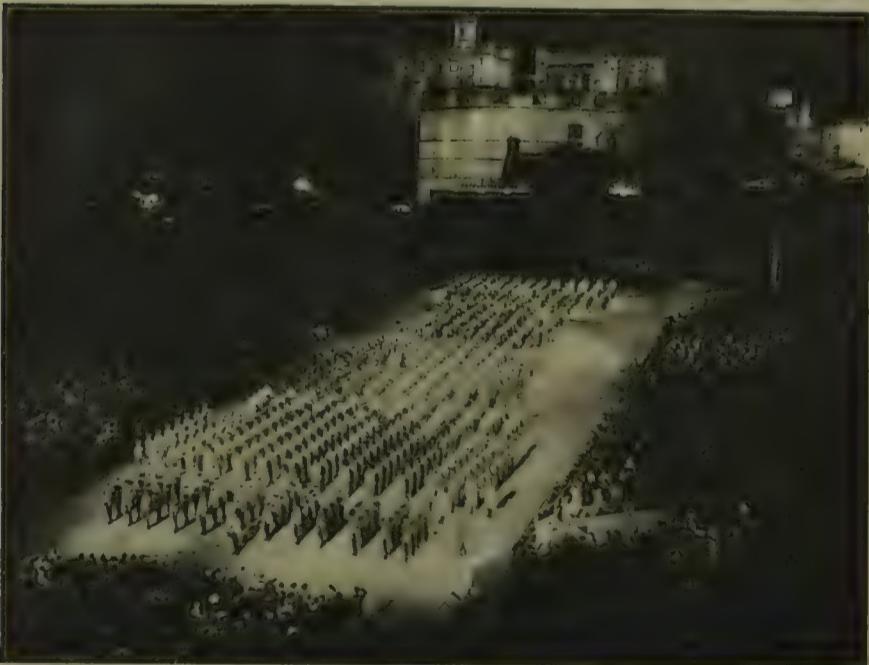
## AT THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL.



THE THIRD PRODUCTION OF THE PICCOLA SCALA AT THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL: DONIZETTI'S "L'ELISIR D'AMORE," WITH ROSANNA CARTERI AND THE CHORUS.



NEWCOMERS TO THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL: TURKISH CADETS, WHO ARE SEEN HERE ON THE ESPLANADE OF THE CASTLE, REHEARSING FOR THE TATTOO.



ONE OF THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL'S MOST IMPRESSIVE AND POPULAR FEATURES, AND THIS YEAR BIGGER THAN EVER: THE GRAND FINALE OF THE MILITARY TATTOO BEFORE THE FLOODLIT CASTLE.

THE eleventh Edinburgh International Festival opened with a Service of Praise and Thanksgiving at St. Giles' Cathedral on August 18 and was to close with the Military Tattoo and Fireworks Display on September 7. In our last issue we covered the Monet exhibition there, and in this issue the pictures from the Wemyss collection; and in this issue also our Dramatic Critic gives his first impressions of the plays in the Festival. Here we show one of the productions of the Piccola Scala Company from Milan, whose other productions were "La Sonnambula," "Il Matrimonio Segreto" and "Il Turco in Italia." This last had a sort of topical allusion, since a Turkish contingent, including the Janissary military band, were making their first appearance at the Festival and adding to the 850-strong Military Tattoo, the largest of any Edinburgh Festival.

## STORMY WEATHER OFF BRITAIN.

THE week-end of August 24-25 was marked by severe gales, chiefly of wind, although heavy falls of rain occurred in western Scotland, northern England and North Wales. The winds were severest in northern and western Scotland and southwards towards the Irish Sea, reaching 80 m.p.h. in the Isle of Man on August 24. In the English Channel there was a Force 10 gale and a number of pleasure steamers had to turn back and cross-Channel steamers had rough crossings and ran late. A six-ton Danish yacht, *Arne*, struck rocks off Saltdean, near Brighton, on the Saturday night and two of her crew of three were believed lost, rescue attempts by helicopter and lifeboat being frustrated by the wind and high seas. There were successful sea rescues off the Suffolk, Essex, Hampshire and Channel Islands coasts.



A WALL OF SPRAY AT BRIGHTON ON AUGUST 25, WHEN A FORCE 10 GALE (55 TO 63 M.P.H.) WAS RECORDED IN THE CHANNEL.



A BLEAK END TO THE CHIEF HOLIDAY MONTH: THE DESERTED AND WAVE-SWEPT COAST ROAD AT SEAFORD ON AUGUST 25.



ON BRIGHTON FRONT THE DANGER FLAG RECOMMENDS "NO BATHING" —AND THE SEA HARDLY INVITES IT.

## THE 18TH FARNBOROUGH EXHIBITION AND DISPLAY, SPECIAL SECTION.

### A PREVIEW OF SOME OF THE EXHIBITS AND EQUIPMENT (SEPT. 2-8).

*By BERNARD HURREN.*

OVERSEAS visitors in thousands, invited by the Society of British Aircraft Constructors to the aircraft industry's eighteenth trade exhibition and flying display at Farnborough (September 2 to 8 inclusive), are now carefully considering what Britain has to offer in the air. The show will be open to the public on Sept. 6, 7 and 8. The exhibition at Farnborough is one of the world's greatest shop windows for aeronautical trading. And, with the cut-down on home military orders as the new methods of warfare replace the fighter and the bomber, the aircraft industry keenly appreciates the importance of the phrase, "export or die," and is acting accordingly. This year's show emphasises three aspects of the British aircraft industry: guided weapons, civil aircraft and new technical devices and materials, and includes products which even initiates do not expect always to understand.

In the flying display there will be five new aircraft. A sixth, the Saunders-Roe mixed power-plant interceptor aircraft, may also be shown. The five newcomers are the Westland *Wessex* turbine-powered helicopter; the Aviation Traders (Engineering) Ltd. *Accountant* executive/airliner of great promise and with assured foreign markets; the Miles *H.D.M. 105* light transport; the Miles *M.100 Student*, a jet-engined trainer; and the English Electric *P.1B*, the development of the *P.1*, which is to go into service with the R.A.F. As an innovation this year, selected guests (mainly airline representatives) will be given flights. A de Havilland *Comet* 3 will be in this section; there is only one of these aircraft, and it is used as a development vehicle for the *Comet* 4 which, it is hoped, will recover lost ground. In the guided missile section are six of these new "fiery heralds" of war. Those launched air-to-air are the Fairey *Fireflash*, the de Havilland *Firestreak* and the Vickers-Armstrongs *Red Dean*. For ship-to-air duty is the Armstrong-Whitworth *Seaslug*, and for ground-to-air action the Bristol *Bloodhound* and the English Electric *Thunderbird*.

It may be well to point out that the missiles form only the business end of the attack; they are really part of a system. The missile is an integral part of a guided weapon which includes (in the case of air-to-air firing) the carrying aircraft and its guidance control of the missile. The *Fireflash* and *Firestreak* have aroused great interest. The former has been relegated to R.A.F. training, but at least it exists and is in service. The latter is chosen for the R.A.F. and Fleet Air Arm operational use—but it is officially "still being developed." In short, there is an element of doubt as to the R.A.F.'s selected missile, and the competition between Fairey Aviation and de Havilland over this is reminiscent of the "battle" between *Hunter* and *Swift* fighters. The missile question has undoubtedly been a Service headache since the

last Farnborough Show, and if war came suddenly the *Fireflash* could yet stage a comeback, as it is the only air-to-air British missile available and proven on trials.

Technical experts are offered a rare feast in the static exhibition, where 352 firms are showing some of their products. This is a record number, and to house them the area of the exhibition building has had to be increased

examples of the goods on offer to world buyers. Strange names of modern metals appear increasingly: tantalum, molybdenum, zirconium, titanium—for example. By using titanium instead of steel, 500 lb. weight can be saved in a large airliner in bolts and screws alone; and this can be important; 1 lb. saved on payload has been computed as equal to an earning capacity of 600 dollars in the life of an airliner. Guest, Keen and Nettlefolds are pioneering in this field and will have on display screws manufactured in nylon. Firth-Vickers, the great steel company, are showing components made by the lost-wax casting process. This method, though described by the Society as intricate and revolutionary, was used in principle 5000 years ago in ancient Egypt: it should be interesting to see the degree of technical advance.

Rumour, based on pilots' gossip, says that this year Farnborough residents may expect to be enlivened by some really startling supersonic bangs. At the Paris Salon earlier this year little restraint was noticed as regards the sound barrier, and, not to be outdone, British test pilots may follow this example.

Apart from the 1000-plus m.p.h. English Electric *P.1A* and *P.1B* and the Fairey *Delta 2*, there are known to be other British types which can easily exceed Mach One (the speed of sound). Among these the Avro *Vulcan Mk. 2* bomber is on show for the first time in its prototype form. This prototype has engines of less power than those of the production *Mk. 2*, which is not on show and is to carry the "stand-off" bomb. The Saunders-Roe *SR.53* part-rocket powered research interceptor (it has an Armstrong Siddeley *Viper* and a de Havilland *Spectre* engine) will almost certainly make a last-minute acceptance for the flying programme, to form a dramatic climax to the air display.

Absent friends—so long with us in print—are the Fairey *Rotodyne*, the Short experimental vertical lift aircraft, and the Blackburn *N.A.39*. The Short aircraft has flown, but not the other two. Photographs of the 40-seat *Rotodyne* helicopter under construction have appeared as a promise of new-era transportation. Ten years have passed since the Fairey *Gyrodyne* made its revolutionary début, but

the long period of waiting and expectation may possibly come to an end in November, to the relief of the airlines and the Fairey Aviation Company. The Supermarine *N.113 Scimitar* and the de Havilland *Sea Vixen* will show, once again, that the Navy can strike out vigorously: but, as both these are now well known, talk will surely centre on the Blackburn *N.A.39* naval strike fighter in which the Americans are so interested that they have contributed to the development costs and have provided much equipment to speed up flight tests.

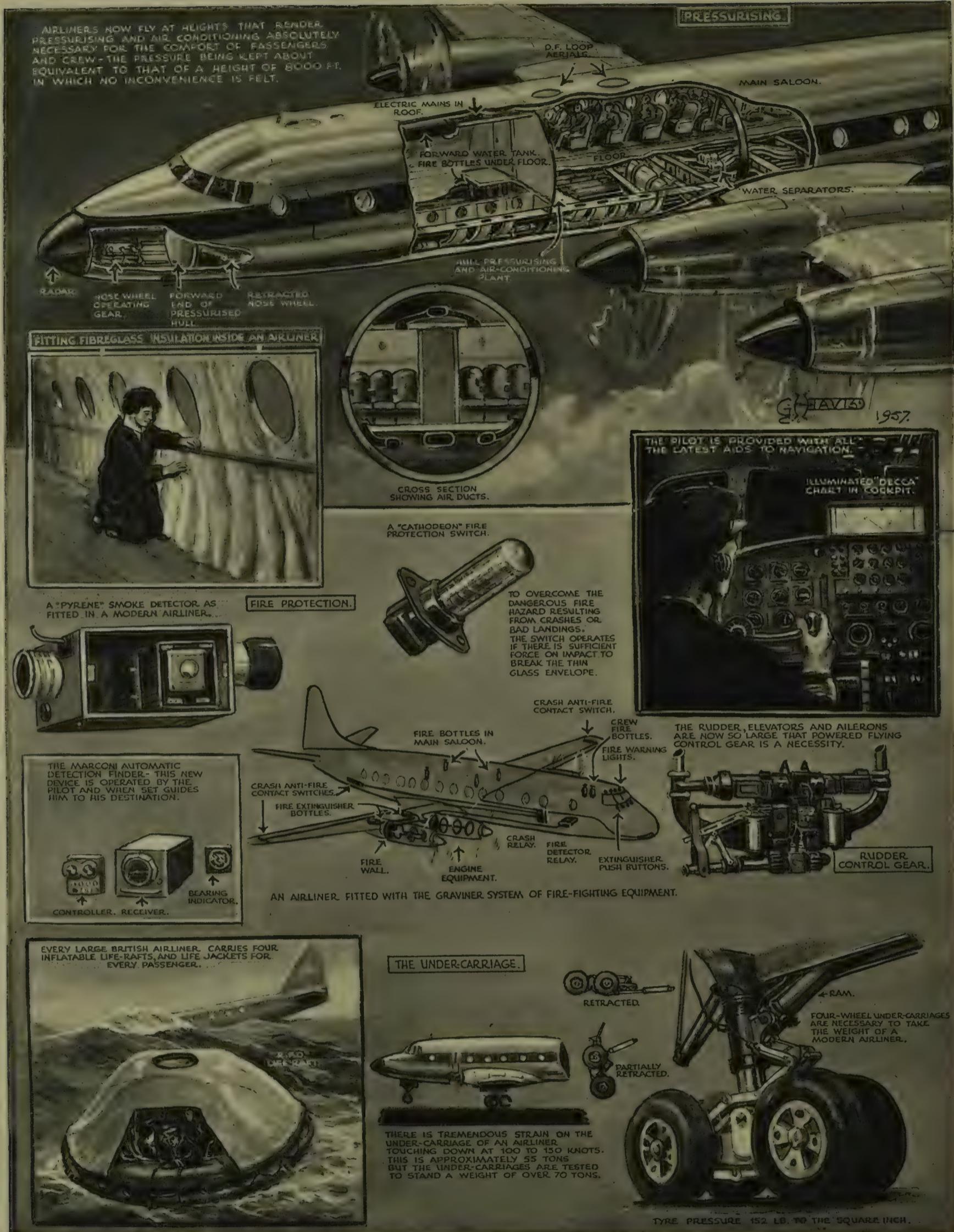


ONE OF FIFTY TEST ROCKETS USED BY THE FAIREY AVIATION COMPANY (THE MANUFACTURERS OF THE FIREFLASH) TO DEVELOP MECHANISMS FOR SEPARATING ATTACHED BOOST ROCKETS FROM THE MISSILE ITSELF.



THE FIRST BRITISH "MIXED-UNIT" AIRCRAFT: THE SAUNDERS-ROE SR.53, WHICH IS POWERED BY A GAS TURBINE ENGINE AND A ROCKET MOTOR, AND WHICH, IT IS HOPED, WILL BE APPEARING AT FARNBOROUGH.

since last year. There are products unknown to the general public, with descriptions smacking of science fiction. Unfamiliar names of manufacturers—for long cloaked and gagged by security restrictions—are making a striking début. Objects displayed include a missile-tracking camera by W. Vinter; guided weapon fuel tanks by Fireproof Tanks, and rocket motor tubes by Chesterfield Tube. There are gyroscopic instruments by Decca, hydraulic guided weapon components by Dowty, and a Graviner fire-detector so sensitive that it reacts to the flame from a distant cigarette lighter—these are some

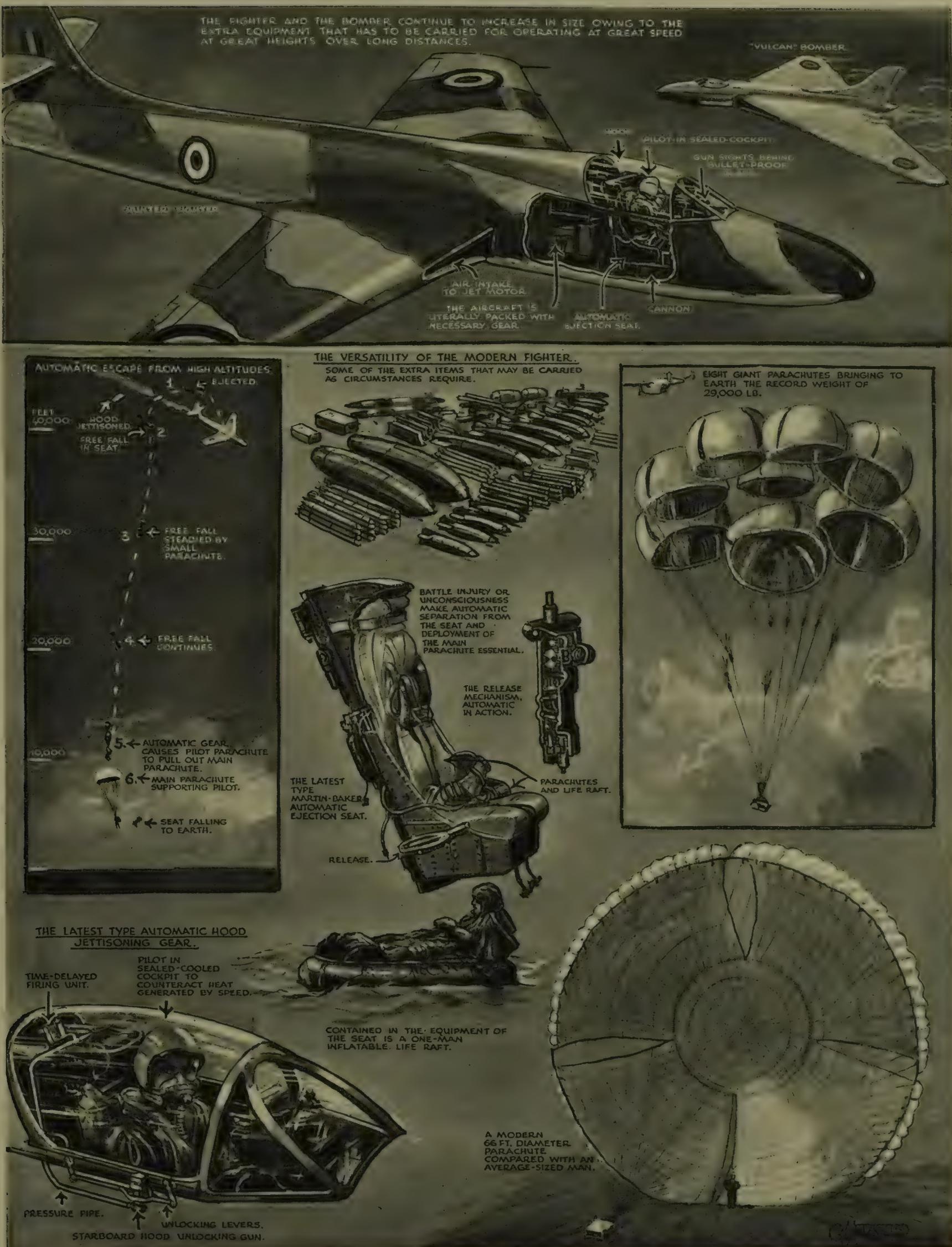


HOW THE MODERN AIRLINER IS MADE SAFE, COMFORTABLE, SPEEDY AND EFFICIENT—AND EASY TO OPERATE.

Like the modern fighter, the modern airliner normally operates at a very great height, usually between 20,000 and 30,000 ft. This is the natural consequence of the jet and turboprop engines, which are much more economical and efficient at such heights, in which, moreover, the airliner can fly "above the weather." But such heights present great problems of temperature and atmospheric pressure; and since it can hardly be expected that fare-paying passengers should wear flying suits and breathing apparatus, the answer has had to be found in the "pressurised" aircraft. Such an aircraft is, as our artist shows, virtually a sealed container with its own atmosphere, insulated against changes of climate, air-conditioned and pressurised to a chosen degree of atmospheric pressure comfortable

to the passengers and crew. Every modern aircraft carries a very elaborate system of fire warning and control covering all points of the aircraft, and we show in the drawing how these operate; and also the "crash switches" which come into action as a result of abnormal shock. The pilot's task is simplified, both as regards hand and brain, since many of the controls, such as, for example, the huge retractable undercarriage, are power-operated and, for that matter, usually duplicated; and various navigational aids, such as the Decca Navigator, the Marconi Doppler system and the latest navigational aid whereby the pilot can "home" on beacons and so find his landfall in any weather, make his task easier and the airliner's operation more efficient and speedy.

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, S.A.V.A.



#### HIGH-ALTITUDE FIGHTER PROBLEMS; AND SOME OF THE MODERN ANSWERS TO THEM.

With the coming of the jet engine, the operating altitude of the fighter aircraft has increased enormously; and while this leads to higher speeds and greater fuel efficiency, it brings in its train other problems. The high altitude calls for breathing apparatus and protection against extreme cold; the high speed for protection against heat generated by friction, against the tendency to "black-out" from "G," and against the inability to bale out of an aircraft travelling at such a rate. Escape from a high-altitude fighter is a very complicated business, and our artist shows how it is achieved with the Martin-Baker ejection seat, which automatically cares for the pilot falling from, say, 40,000 ft. to land (and even, for that matter, into the sea). All this equipment, together with all the radio, radar and

navigational aids necessary to make the best use of the aircraft's terrific speed, have combined to make the modern fighter so much larger and so much more expensive than its forerunner. It can, of course, also carry a wide variety of equipment; and at Farnborough it was proposed to surround a *Hunter* Mk. 6 with the following stores: 2 100-gallon fuel tanks, 2 Napalm bombs, 2 outboard pylons, 2 inboard pylons, 2 rocket batteries, 2 1000-lb. bombs, 2 500-lb. bombs, 4 25-lb. practice bombs, 2 practice bomb-carriers, 24 3-in. RPs with 12-lb. heads, 8 RPs with 60-lb. heads, 8 5-in. HVAR, 2 flag target containers, 2 *Fireflash* missiles, and 80 rounds 30-mm. ammunition—any of which the *Hunter* may be called on to carry, though, naturally, not simultaneously.

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, S.A.v.A.



THE PRODUCTS OF A FLOURISHING INDUSTRY: BRITISH CIVIL AND MILITARY AIRCRAFT, MANY OF WHICH WILL APPEAR AT FARNBOROUGH, INTERNATIONALLY KNOWN AS THE WORLD'S GREATEST AIR SHOW, WHICH IS WHOLEHEARTEDLY DIRECTED AT THE EXPORT TRADE AS A "SHOP WINDOW" FOR BUYERS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD.

The Society of British Aircraft Constructors will be holding its eighteenth Flying Display and Exhibition at Farnborough from September 2 to 8. During the last three days the show will be open to the public; the earlier part of the week being set aside for aircraft specialists from all over the world. The show at Farnborough this year will be the biggest yet held, and as usual it is to be directed wholeheartedly towards the export trade. In the past the Farnborough Air Show has been proving increasingly valuable as a "shop window" for overseas buyers, and now appears to be

established as the world's greatest air show. Last year over 6000 representatives of airlines, air forces and manufacturers from 120 foreign countries visited Farnborough, and many of these took advantage of their visit to England to have detailed discussions with members of the British aircraft industry. Some idea of the volume of the aircraft industry's export trade can be gained from the fact that in the first half of this year exports were valued at over £52,000,000. A substantial part of this sum was derived from sales of aircraft and parts; sales of aircraft engines also made a

very large contribution. Notable features of this year's show at Farnborough will be the new civil aircraft, guided weapons and a wide range of aircraft and missile components and materials. As usual, the latest military aircraft will be seen. For the first time, security restrictions have been lifted sufficiently to enable the aircraft industry to show a large selection of missiles. Many of these weapons will be available for export. A further addition to the British civil aircraft designed for short-distance work—a sphere in which the Douglas DC.3 has for many years been predominant—

is the Aviation Traders Accountant, which made its first flight earlier this year. Other British aircraft, guided weapons and a wide range of aircraft and missile components and materials. As usual, the latest military aircraft will be seen. For the first time, security restrictions have been lifted sufficiently to enable the aircraft industry to show a large selection of missiles. Many of these weapons will be available for export. A further addition to the British civil aircraft designed for short-distance work—a sphere in which the Douglas DC.3 has for many years been predominant—

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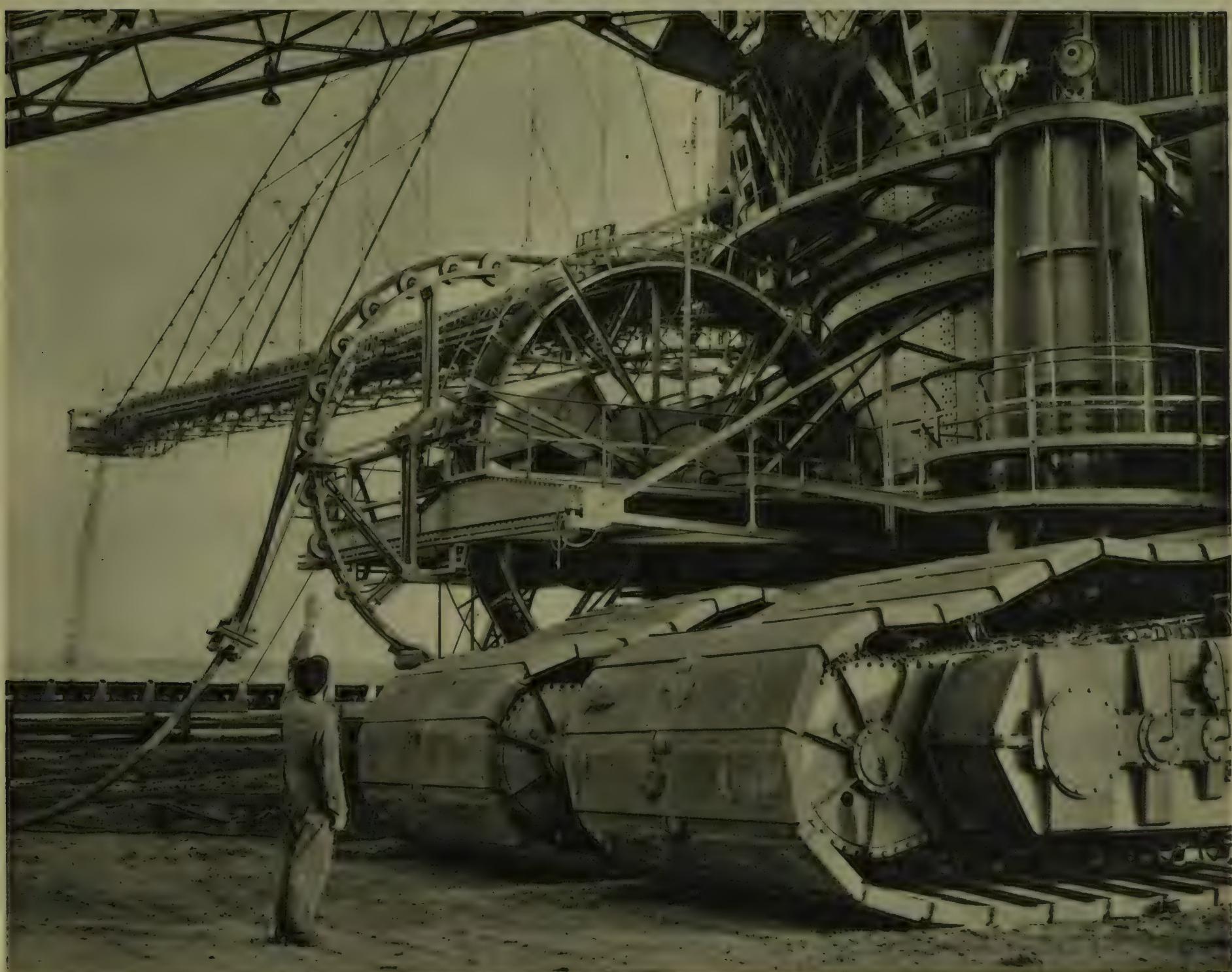
REGULAR OPERATIONS TO COMBINE EFFICIENCY, ECONOMY AND SAFETY: SERVICING B.O.A.C. AND B.E.A. AIRLINERS.

No British airliner carrying passengers can legitimately fly without the Certificate of Airworthiness, the all-important document which spells safety to the many thousands of air travellers; and an airliner in the air is earning money, while one on the ground is costing money. These are the two principles—speed of turn-round combined with rigorous attention to safety—which govern the operation of the airliners of B.E.A. and B.O.A.C.; and account for the series of servicing and maintenance checks which every airliner undergoes. The aircraft of B.E.A.—which flies over this country and Europe—are normally on short “hops,” operating a sort of glorified bus service, and their servicing is, of course, fast and frequent. Many a B.E.A. passenger, as he disembarked, must have noticed the

swarm of motorised services which instantly cluster round the *Viscount* he is just leaving—and our artist indicates what is the purpose of these vehicles. The servicing of the long-distance B.O.A.C. aircraft, which operate over much of the world, is naturally less frequent and more prolonged. Servicing is, of course, quite distinct from maintenance checks—for which the aircraft are periodically withdrawn from service. In the case of the B.O.A.C. *Stratocruisers*, the first check comes after 125 flying hours, the second after 250 hours, the third after 800 hours, and the fourth after 2500 hours, and these checks are of varying extent and intention, the last being the severest. But the purpose of all these operations is the same—the combination of economic efficiency with the utmost in safety.

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, S.A.V.A.

## A GERMAN MECHANICAL MONSTER: TO RESTORE AN OPENCAST MINEFIELD.



A GIANT MACHINE TO MAKE GOOD THE DAMAGE GIANT MACHINES HAVE DONE: PART OF THE BASE OF THE HUGE GERMAN SOIL-MOVING MACHINE.



IN A WEST GERMAN OPENCAST MINEFIELD IN THE LOWER RHINE: THE HUGE SOIL-MOVING MACHINE MAKING GOOD THE SURFACE AFTER THE REMOVAL OF THE BROWN COAL.

In our issue of November 5, 1955, we showed the huge rotary scoop—the business end—of a giant excavator which was tearing off the surface of a West German lignite (or brown coal) field at the rate of more than 130,000 cubic yards a day. It is good to learn that this wholesale alteration of a landscape is being made good at an even greater rate; and the means used is the giant machine



ONE OF THE MANY OPERATIONS CONDUCTED BY THE HUGE MACHINE SEEN ON THE LEFT: A ROTARY SCOOP PICKING UP SOIL.

(or combination of machines) which we show above. This mechanical monster, which moves forward on eight tracked feet, is said to be capable of moving 1,000,000 cubic metres (1,307,950 cubic yards) each day, transferring the former top soil from the spoil heaps to the levels left by the excavation of the lignite—and so restoring an opencast coal field to the primary needs of agriculture.

## HERE AND THERE : A CAMERA SURVEY OF RECENT EVENTS.



AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE: THE UNION FLAG FLYING FROM THE TOPMOST POINT OF THE 750-FT.-HIGH B.B.C. TELEVISION MAST ON AUGUST 19.



CLAIMED AS A WORLD RECORD FOR PORBEAGLES CAUGHT ON ROD AND LINE: THE FINE SHARK CAUGHT BY MRS. H. EATHORNE AT LOOE.

A porbeagle shark weighing 271 lb., caught at Looe, Cornwall, on August 18, by Mrs. Hetty Eathorne, is being claimed as a world record by the Shark Angling Club of Great Britain. Mrs. Eathorne, of Brixham, has previously landed many record sharks.



STRAWS IN HIS HAIR—OR A STRANGE HEAD-DRESS FOR BLUFF KING HAL: A SPARROW'S NEST IN THE CROWN OF THE STATUE OF KING HENRY VIII WHICH STANDS IN AN ALCOVE AT ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL IN LONDON.



MAKING JUSTICE SHINE AFRESH: STEEPLEJACKS CLEANING THE FIGURE OF JUSTICE ON THE DOME OF THE CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT IN LONDON.



THE FIRST OF ONLY TWO SWIMMERS TO FINISH THE CROSS-CHANNEL RACE FROM FRANCE TO ENGLAND: MISS GRETA ANDERSEN COMING ASHORE BETWEEN DOVER AND FOLKESTONE. Thirty-year-old Miss Greta Andersen, the Danish swimmer and Olympic gold medallist, won the international cross-Channel swimming race on August 21. Her husband, an American football coach whom she married in June, was in the boat that accompanied her.



LOWERING THE "LADY": WORKMEN REMOVING THE STATUE OF A WINGED WOMAN WHICH ONCE STOOD ON THE TOP OF THE DOME OF THE OLD GAIETY THEATRE—NOW BEING DEMOLISHED.



COLLECTING MONEY FROM BANKS IN SAFETY: A SPECIAL ARMoured CAR WITH AN ATTENDANT WHO KEEPS IN TOUCH WITH HIS H.Q. BY RADIO. A number of firms in the West Drayton-Slough area are employing a special company to collect their money from banks for them. The firm has special armoured cars, each of which is manned by trained attendants.



TO TEST THE REACTIONS AND "TEMPERAMENT" OF WOULD-BE PILOTS IN THE SAFETY OF A SMALL BACK ROOM: A MACHINE DESIGNED BY THE SPECIALISTS OF THE R.A.F. MEDICAL CENTRE.



ARGENTINA'S MONUMENT TO THE FOUNDER OF THE ARGENTINE NAVY: MR. FRANK AIKEN (RIGHT), IRISH MINISTER FOR EXTERNAL AFFAIRS, UNVEILING A BUST OF ADMIRAL WILLIAM BROWN AT THE LATTER'S BIRTHPLACE IN FOXFORD, COUNTY MAYO, IRELAND.

FROM FAR AND NEAR: THE FINAL TEST MATCH; NEW BUILDINGS AND OTHER ITEMS.



(Above.)

THE TANKER WITH THE WORLD'S LARGEST DIESEL ENGINE : JAPAN'S 33,500-TON DEADWEIGHT TANKER *YUYO MARU* NO. 5 SEEN FROM THE AIR DURING TRIALS.

Japan has completed a tanker which has been installed with a 15,000-h.p. diesel engine. *Yuyo Maru* No. 5 has been built by the Hitachi Shipbuilding and Engineering Co. of Osaka at their Innoshima shipyard for the Morita Steamship Company of Japan. The ship has a tanking capacity of 45,200 cubic metres and had a speed of 17 knots at full load during her trials.

(Right.)

THE FINAL TEST MATCH AT THE OVAL : THE SCENE AFTER ENGLAND HAD BEATEN THE WEST INDIES BY AN INNINGS AND 237 RUNS.

By half past two on Saturday, August 24, England had won the fifth and final Test match against the West Indies by an innings and 237 runs at the Oval. As at Lord's and Headingley, there were two days and more to spare. The West Indies followed their first innings total of 89 with a score of 86. Lock claimed 11 wickets for 48 runs in the match, and Laker 5 for 77. While the double collapse of the West Indies was surprising, it is clear that the English team is exceptionally strong in all departments of the game and would most likely defeat any team in the world.



FRENCH JET TRIALS IN A BRITISH AIRCRAFT-CARRIER : FRANCE'S NEW FOUGA ABOUT TO TOUCH-DOWN ON H.M.S. BULWARK'S ANGLED-DECK. The new French jet trainer, the Fouga, recently carried out trials in the English Channel on the British aircraft-carrier H.M.S. *Bulwark*, which was lent by Britain for the purpose as the French Navy has not yet got an aircraft-carrier with an angled-deck in operation.



OPENED BY THE AUSTRALIAN PRIME MINISTER ON AUGUST 22 : AUSTRALIA'S LARGEST BUILDING—A HUGE OFFICE BLOCK IN NORTH SYDNEY.

This photograph, taken from the Pacific Highway looking south, shows Australia's recently-completed "largest office block in the Southern Hemisphere," in North Sydney. The building, which cost nearly £A4,500,000, is constructed of steel, concrete, aluminium and glass and is 150 ft. high. It is the head office of the Mutual Life and Citizens Assurance Co.



IN GREAT RUSSELL STREET : THE NEW TRADES UNION CONGRESS HEADQUARTERS DESIGNED BY MR. DAVID DU R. ABERDEEN.

Although the first occupants moved into the new headquarters building of the Trades Union Congress in Great Russell Street, London, last autumn, it has not yet been officially opened. The architect is Mr. David du R. Aberdeen, who won first prize in the competition for the design of the building which was held in 1948. The accommodation includes an Assembly Hall, an Exhibition Hall and a training school for trade union officials.



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

**I**N spring and early summer it is an easy matter to keep the rock garden gay with flowers, for the majority of Alpine plants, especially those which come

from high altitudes, have found the necessity of rushing into blossom directly their winter blanket of snow has melted, so that they may take advantage of the relatively short summer season during which to flower, set seeds, and so ensure their continued existence on this earth. Having acquired this habit of early flowering in the wild, they continue to behave in the same way when they are brought into captivity in the garden. Among the many true Alpine plants which do this are the spring gentian *Gentiana verna* and the trumpet Gentianella, *G. acaulis*, most of the anemones, *Anemone vernalis*, *A. alpina* and *sulphurea*, *A. narcissiflora* and *A. baldensis*, *Aquilegia alpina*, the dwarf potentillas, the lovely white mountain buttercup *Ranunculus amplexicaulis* from the Pyrenees, the mountain pansies, such as *Viola calcarata*, and *V. biflora* with its brilliant little twin violets in shining gold, the Alpine soapwort, *Saponaria ocymoides*, whose mats of brilliant deep pink contrast so finely with the violet-purple patches of *Calamintha alpina*.

These, and dozens of other gay dwarfs from the high places, leave no excuse for dull rock gardens in late spring and early summer. And then, in addition to all these true Alpines, there are countless other dwarf plants, some of which come from high places other than the Alps, and some even from definitely lowland levels, which, on account of their very dwarfness and their brilliance, find their way into rock gardens, and enliven the scene to even gayer levels than are usual in the Alps themselves. Some of these non-Alpine rock-garden plants manage to hobnob with the true Alpines with surprising tact, poise, and aplomb, whilst others fail utterly to look anything but rather brash gate-crashers. It all depends upon the owner-gardener's taste in such matters, and his taste in his choice of plants depends largely upon his acquaintance—or otherwise—with European Alpine plants as they grew in their austere high mountain homes. It is no use being dogmatic upon what, after all, is purely a matter of taste. I have met folk who are dogmatic even to the point of being offensively dirty-dogmatic about what should or should not go into the rock garden. Personally, I would say each man to his own choice. As to the early spring in the rock garden, that can take care of itself. Nobody expects a flaring blaze of colour in the open garden in January, February and March, which is just as well, because they are not likely to get it.

But towards the end of July the lovely floral freshness of early summer will be over. It is still possible to

## LATE-FLOWERING ALPINES.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

have a fair show of colour, and it is worth giving serious thought to introducing a fair quota of plants which will maintain interest and beauty, and at the same time keep the party as Alpine in character as may be, right through to the close of the natural flowering season in, say, October and November. There are, fortunately, a great many dwarf Campanulas which flower round about midsummer and a little after. That charming dwarf harebell *Campanula pusilla* is invaluable during August, roaming about among the rocks and enjoying nothing so much as rather stony, shingly soil in which to display its white,

native harebell, *C. rotundifolia*, with bells of deepest, richest violet or royal purple.

Very near the Campanulas, both botanically and in general appearance, are the various species of Codonopsis, with fleshy roots, and trailing stems carrying charming blossoms somewhere between harebells and periwinkles, and very near the periwinkles in colour. One of my favourite late-summer-flowering rock-garden plants is a Himalayan mountaineer, *Polygonum vaccinifolium*. A trailer, it forms a wide mat of absolutely prostrate wiry stems, clothed with small, neat leathery leaves, and sending up a whole forest of innumerable slender, tapered spikes, of tiny rose-pink blossoms, 3 or 4 ins. high. The plant likes an open sunny position, and is particularly attractive when spilling down some steep slope, or clothing some small sugar-loaf tump in the rock garden. In late autumn it keeps the scene cheerful by changing many of its leaves to russet and scarlet. *Polygonum vaccinifolium* is an easy plant to grow, absolutely hardy, and happy in any reasonably decent soil—light for preference and in fullest sunny exposure.



THE ESPECIAL GLORY OF THE AUTUMN ROCK GARDEN IN LIMESTONE COUNTRY: *GENTIANA FARRERI*. The splendours of autumn in the rock garden are divided according to the nature of the soil. In "acid, peaty or leaf-mouldy soil," it is *Gentiana sino-ornata* which wears the crown, with its glorious gentian-blue trumpets; in a limestone soil, it is *Gentiana farreri* which takes over with "its exquisite great trumpet flowers, vivid sky- or Cambridge-blue, striped outside, and with snow-white throats." *G. farreri*, while less robust in habit than *sino-ornata*, has greater distinction, a more piercing colour and a more tolerant constitution as regards the alkalinity or acidity of the soil.

Photograph by D. F. Merrett.

violet or lavender-blue bells carried upon 2- to 3-in. hair-fine stems. Other dwarfs of this kind are *Campanula arvatica* and its white variety with open star-shaped blossoms, the hybrid *C. rotarvatica*, and the splendid *C. covadonga*, which my son and I collected at the mountain station of Covadonga, in Spain. In effect it is near our own

slightly "lesser"), *G. veitchii*, and the hybrids *G. stevenagensis* and *G. macaulayi*. Fortunately, they are quite easy to grow. It is merely a question of giving them the soil they like, or, rather, the type of soil they insist on having—or else. *Gentiana sino-ornata* is an inveterate lime-hater. What it likes is an acid, peaty or leaf-mouldy soil, in which it grows and increases freely, and produces its glorious gentian-blue trumpets in autumn, and late autumn.

I once had a great bed of *sino-ornata* in full bloom on Christmas Day, when the ground and the gentian's leaves were thickly rimmed with heavy hoar-frost. But in my present Cotswold garden, on soil heavily charged with limestone, *sino-ornata* refuses to grow. The only way to keep it is to have it in a stone trough filled with peaty soil, and to water it with rain-water. *Gentiana farreri*, on the other hand, seems to revel in our limy soil, and in August produces its exquisite great trumpet flowers, vivid sky- or Cambridge-blue, striped outside, and with snow-white throats.

Thus the long flowery summer season in the rock garden begins gloriously with the brilliant *Gentiana verna*, which is surely one of the most beautiful and characteristic of all the true Alpines, and it closes on an equally high note with those two other supremely lovely gentians, *sino-ornata* and *farreri*.

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## A BALLET FROM O'NEILL'S "THE EMPEROR JONES" TO BE SEEN IN LONDON.



JOSE LIMON, PRINCIPAL DANCER AND CHOREOGRAPHER OF THE BALLET "THE EMPEROR JONES," SEEN WITH THE MALE ENSEMBLE IN THIS TREATMENT OF O'NEILL'S STORY.



JOSE LIMON (RIGHT) IN THE FANTASTIC FINERY OF THE CRAZED NEGRO WHO IS "THE EMPEROR JONES."



THE TERRORS OF THE PRIMEVAL JUNGLE CLOSE IN ON THE UNHAPPY EMPEROR JONES. JOSE LIMON IS CONSIDERED THE OUTSTANDING MALE DANCER OF THE U.S.A.

These photographs (by Gjon Mili) are of one of the ballets being presented at Sadler's Wells from September 2 to 14 by José Limon and his American Dance Company at the beginning of their first European and Near East tour. José Limon, who is considered the leading exponent of the modern dance movement in the United States, has already taken his company to South America, where they enjoyed great success. The present tour is undertaken with the co-operation of President Eisenhower's special International Programme for Cultural Exchange, and the American National Theatre and Academy. José Limon, who was born in Mexico, came to the United States at the age of seven and he is principally known in the States. He is accompanied



ANOTHER DRAMATIC SCENE FROM THE BALLET "THE EMPEROR JONES"—IN THE REPERTORY OF THE JOSE LIMON COMPANY AT SADLER'S WELLS, SEPT. 2-14.

on this tour by his wife, Pauline Lawrence, as business manager and costume designer and his first teacher, Doris Humphrey, as artistic director and choreographer. The repertory for the tour consists of four programmes from some twelve to sixteen dances to scores by modern American composers, the South African Priaulx Rainier, Benjamin Britten, Heitor Villa-Lobos, as well as Purcell and Vivaldi. Our four photographs show scenes from the ballet "The Emperor Jones," in which the choreography is by José Limon himself to music by Heitor Villa-Lobos, with a décor by Kim Swades. The story is, of course, based on the famous play by Eugene O'Neill of 1921, in which Paul Robeson gave a famous performance.



## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

**JASON** took me for a walk last Sunday morning. We left the house at five o'clock, before the sun was up, and while most of the human population in our neighbourhood was following the sun's example. At that time of the morning the air is magically pure and the colours of the countryside have a freshness without equal at any time later in the day. Walking, then, is no effort and one walks on and on, loth to turn back. Along the quiet roads we went, across the fields and into rough country, myself using my eyes to take in as much as possible, Jason using his nose to the same effect, pushing it into every promising tangle of vegetation. On more than one occasion his nose has led me to something that my eyes would otherwise have missed.

This time he became so intent on a trail that I held him on the lead, for fear that he was likely to find and injure something. Straining forward, he zigzagged through rank grass to a clump of brambles, into which he pushed his nose. The next moment he had rapidly withdrawn it. Holding him back, I looked in to see a nest of four kittens. They were sitting in a tight group, one in front, two immediately behind it, and the fourth behind them. All were facing me, their mouths open, showing very red tongues and the menace of tiny milk-teeth, and, in addition to this display of aggression, the one in the front of the group held one tiny paw up with claws out. It was doubtless the feel of these needle-like claws on his nose that had made Jason withdraw hurriedly.

There was no sign of the mother, and the nearest human habitation was at least a quarter of a mile away. I presumed this to be the litter belonging to a domestic cat that had gone feral. It could also be supposed that the mother was away hunting. So we went away, rather than disturb the surroundings and thereby cause the mother to abandon her litter, I to continue admiring the morning, Jason to continue sniffing even more strenuously in search of further "game."

Six hours later, I went back with my daughter, Jane, to try to get a photograph of the litter. The kittens had regrouped by now. The one previously at the rear was now in front. We approached the spot as cautiously as possible, our one anxiety being not to do anything that might upset the mother on her return. The result was a failure from a photographic point-of-view. The kittens were well-hidden and the bushes obscuring them threw so much shadow that, even using a flashlight, the photographs resulting resembled a group of

### CHESHIRE KITTENS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

kittens showing, like the famous Cheshire cat of "Alice in Wonderland," little more than a series of grins.



FOUND BY JASON IN A CLUMP OF BRAMBLES IN A GENERALLY UNFREQUENTED LOCALITY: A NEST OF FOUR KITTENS. THREE OF THE KITTENS CAN BE CLEARLY SEEN IN THIS FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH; THE FOURTH, AN ALL-BLACK KITTEN IN THE FOREGROUND, IS LESS EASY TO DISTINGUISH.

(Right) OPENING ITS MOUTH IN A BABYISH SNARL: THE KITTEN IN THE FRONT OF THE GROUP IS ON THE DEFENSIVE AS HUMAN BEINGS APPROACH THE NEST IN THE BUSHES. (Photographs by Jane Burton.)



One thing we did learn, however, was the way in which the defensive actions spread through the group. When first we came into their line of sight, it was the kitten in the front of the group that alone opened its mouth in a babyish snarl. As one of us stepped slowly and cautiously towards

them, this front one started to spit and raise an aggressive paw, at the same time the two behind opened their mouths to show their teeth. At a further step, these two now began to spit and the one behind them opened its mouth. At a distance of 4 ft. from them, all four were fully on the defensive. Soon, however, as we continued to stand there, the aggression died down and the kittens eyed us with curiosity, except when one of us raised a hand, whereupon the one nearest would open its mouth and give a low hiss.

Late that afternoon the kittens were still on our minds, and although it meant a walk of several miles, we went again to see how they were faring. At our first approach the kittens greeted us with bared teeth and spitting sounds. Then came a quick change, they came running towards us mewing pitifully. That they were very hungry admitted of no doubt. Now a big question-mark loomed on the horizon: Had the mother abandoned them or had she herself met an untimely end? If the first, was it our fault? We decided to leave matters until next day and then, if they were still showing signs of intense hunger, we would take them away and adopt them. This is, in fact, how it worked out, and the kittens are now in our care.

One thing that interests me more especially concerns the kittens' intuitive knowledge of morphology. The mother may or may not have been feral: at the least, the kittens had been born away from human habitation. In all probability we were the first human beings they had seen. This is deduced from the nest being situated in a generally unfrequented locality, and also from the repeated aggressive behaviour of the kittens themselves. Yet, as soon as they had been fed, taking the milk from saucers placed before them on the ground, they not only recognised my daughter as the benefactress and accepted her in place of their parent, but proceeded to scramble up her towards her face.

This may seem an obvious thing for the kittens to do, but it is, on reflection, none the less remarkable. In a short space of time the kittens had accepted as their guardian a totally strange body, and, for them, one of enormous size compared with their mother. Moreover, they had recognised the location of the face of this giant being and were endeavouring to reach it, despite the strenuous efforts demanded of them to do this. It also shows how inherently important the face is to man and beast.

The readiness with which the original fears of the kittens were lost, admittedly under the stimulus of hunger, suggests that the mother was not feral. She may, therefore, have chosen this nesting-place for her litter for much the same reason as the cat about which a reader wrote to me several years ago. This was a cat that had her successive litters taken from her and destroyed. Then came the time when she was obviously near her term, but instead of preparing a nursery in the environs of the house she disappeared for a few days. In due course it was found she had a nest high up in the tree, which could only have been reached by a human being after a risky ascent up a ladder. The mother, after the kittens were born, came to the house as usual for her meals, and only when the kittens were weaned did she lead them down from their safe refuge.

It would be an appropriate corollary to pose here a question put to me in another letter from a reader. The circumstances giving rise to it need not be detailed, and the question is whether a tom-cat, unneutered, would be liable to wander as far as a mile from home habitually, or even occasionally, at night. I have no reliable evidence on this, and, indeed, such information is liable to depend upon the accidental observation. If anyone has dependable evidence on this point I should be happy to pass it on to the enquirer.



NOT A TRICK PHOTOGRAPH—A CHARMING YOUNG LADY DISPLAYING A MODEL AIRLINER OF THE FUTURE AT THE EXHIBITION.



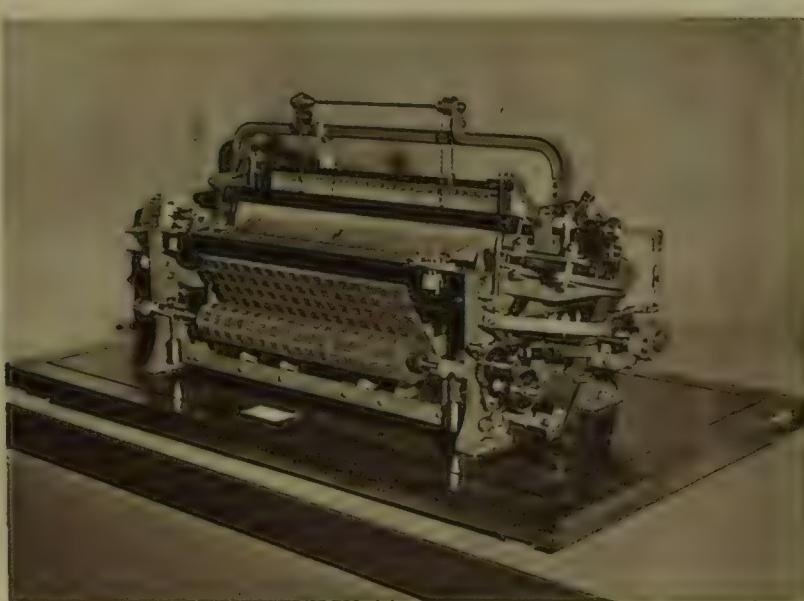
THE FASCINATION OF MODEL PIECES OF MACHINERY: A BOY KEENLY INSPECTING ONE OF THE EXHIBITS, A MODEL OF A NORTON MANX RACING MOTOR-CYCLE.



WITH HIS MODEL OF A SOVIET CRUISER MADE IN IVORY AND GOLD: ANOTHER RUSSIAN MODEL-MAKER.

THE thirty-second Model Engineer Exhibition, at the New Horticultural Hall in London, from August 21 to 31, this year contained more special attractions than ever before. There was a wide range of models, including entries for the Duke of Edinburgh Trophy and four other competitions. Two remarkable exhibits, both by the same man, were those of a Russian cruiser and liner made in ivory, and set with gold and jewels. Among the working models were two jet fighters, built accurately to scale and driven by compressed air. As in previous years, there was a good selection of train models, and one which attracted much attention was that of the Paris Métro which was presented to the Queen for Prince Charles during her visit to France. The exhibition was organised by Percival Marshall and Co. Ltd., publishers of "Model Engineer" and other publications for modellers.

## THE MODEL ENGINEER EXHIBITION: EXAMPLES OF A FASCINATING ART.



AN EXAMPLE OF THE GREAT INTRICACY OF SOME OF THE EXHIBITS: A MODEL OF A WEAVING LOOM.



THE MODEL-MAKER AND HIS WORK: A RUSSIAN PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO HIS MODEL OF A TANKER.



A SHIP OF THE FUTURE: THE MODEL OF AN ATOMIC-POWERED RUSSIAN ICE-BREAKER ON WHICH CONSTRUCTION IS SAID TO HAVE BEGUN.

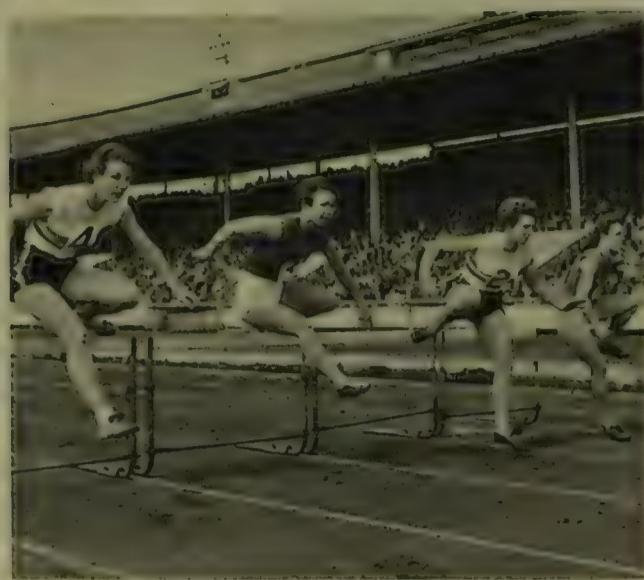


A RICH EXAMPLE OF THE MODEL-MAKER'S ART: A RUSSIAN LINER IN IVORY, WHICH IS SET WITH JEWELS.



WINNING THE 800 METRES FOR BRITAIN : MISS DIANE LEATHER, WHOSE TIME WAS 2 MINS. 6.8 SECS., A BRITISH BEST PERFORMANCE.

## AT THE WHITE CITY: BRITON v. RUSSIAN IN TRACK EVENTS.



THE 80 METRES WOMEN'S HURDLES : L. TO R., C. QUINTON, FINISHED THIRD, M. GOLUBNICHAJA, FINISHED SECOND, T. E. HOPKINS, FINISHED FOURTH, AND N. ELISEEVA, WHO WON FOR RUSSIA.



THE WINNER OF THE 1500 METRES : K. WOOD, OF GREAT BRITAIN, WHOSE TIME WAS 3 MINS. 44.6 SECS.



WINNING THE MEN'S 400 METRES IN 47.3 SECS. : F. P. HIGGINS, OF BRITAIN (NO. 2). J. E. SALISBURY (NO. 4) WAS SECOND, AND A. IGNATYEV (NO. 1), OF RUSSIA, WAS THIRD.



FIRST IN THE 400 METRES HURDLES WAS T. S. FARRELL, OF BRITAIN (NO. 2), IN 51.1 SECS. (BEST BRITISH PERFORMANCE), WHO WAS FOLLOWED UP BY Y. LITUYEV (LEFT) AND H. KANE (NO. 4).



ANOTHER TRACK VICTORY FOR BRITAIN : D. A. G. PIRIE WINNING THE 5000 METRES. IN SECOND PLACE WAS G. D. IBBOTSON.



M. A. RAWSON WINNING THE 800 METRES, IN WHICH HE WAS A SUBSTITUTE. SECOND IS M. A. FARRELL, AND THIRD N. MARICHEV.



VICTORY FOR A GREAT RUSSIAN ATHLETE : V. KUTS WINNING THE 10,000 METRES AT THE WHITE CITY IN 29 MINS. 13.2 SECS.

The two-day athletics meeting between Great Britain and Russia, which was held at the White City on August 23 and 24 and was sponsored by the "News of the World," resulted in a victory in both the men's and women's sections for the Russian team. There were, however, some notable performances by British athletes, and in the twelve track events for men the British team won by 66 points to 58. The score for the men's athletics was 119 to 93,

and for the women's 73 to 40. At the last meeting, held in Moscow in 1955, the Russian team won by 44 points (men) and 33 points (women). Among the notable British successes on the first day were the track victories of Farrell, Pirie, Wood and Higgins, and Diane Leather's victory in the women's 800 metres. On the second day there were three British wins in men's track events, but the Russians won all the remaining events.

A TRIBUTE TO  
A NEGLECTED  
BRITISH  
ARTIST: AN  
EXHIBITION  
OF THE WORK  
OF GEORGE  
CHINNERY.

A WIDE selection of the works of George Chinnery (1774-1852), an artist who has long suffered from neglect, is being shown at the Arts Council's exhibition at 4, St. James's Square, which remains open until September 21. The exhibition, which is organised by the Scottish Committee of the Arts Council and has recently been shown at the National [Continued below, right.]



"MR. AND MRS. GEORGE L. SIDDONS, WITH THEIR DAUGHTERS FRANCES AND MARY." (Pencil and water-colour; 18 by 14½ ins. Signed "G. Chinnery.")



A PAINTING FROM HIS LAST YEARS IN INDIA: "INDIAN FARM SCENE: FIGURES BY A POND." (Oil on canvas; 11½ by 17½ ins.)



A REVEALING SELF-PORTRAIT, FROM THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, WHICH WAS PROBABLY PAINTED IN 1845. (Oil on canvas; 27½ by 21½ ins.)



"MRS. CHINNERY": A PORTRAIT OF HIS WIFE, WHOM HE LEFT IN 1802, WHEN HE WENT TO INDIA. THE COUPLE WERE LATER RE-UNITED FOR A BRIEF PERIOD. (Oil on canvas; 29 by 25 ins. From the National Gallery of Ireland.)

*Continued.* Gallery of Scotland, includes paintings and drawings which show that Chinnery had the makings of a fine portraitist, and, particularly in the volumes of drawings, the fluency and vitality of which he was capable can be seen. In 1802, already a successful artist, he went to India, where he had family connections. He soon received many commissions for portraits, but in 1825, heavily in debt, he left India and went to Macao, where he spent the rest of his days. In Macao, as in India, he recorded the life and scenery around him in numerous paintings and drawings of great charm. The paintings are in both oil and water-colour. George Chinnery came from a family of East Anglian origin, a branch of which had settled in Ireland, and his father was a not unsuccessful amateur painter. Leaving his wife and two children in Dublin in 1802 he was later reunited with his family in India for a period before he went to Macao.



"CHINESE GIRL": A PAINTING OF c. 1826, SHORTLY AFTER GEORGE CHINNERY ARRIVED IN MACAO FROM INDIA. (Oil on canvas; 20 by 15 ins.)



A BOY AND HIS TUTOR: A DOUBLE PORTAIT PAINTED IN INDIA, WHERE CHINNERY RECEIVED MANY COMMISSIONS FOR PORTRAITS. (Oil on canvas; 24 by 20 ins.)



AS I write, the expected controversy about the disposal of the eight splendid works of art from Chatsworth, which now (technically) belong to you and me instead of to the Duke of Devonshire, is worrying a lot of people, especially in the Midlands and the North. Some very hard words are being said about Southern greed, and I note that even the Scots have joined in and staked out a claim for the Rembrandt. It is one of those controversies in which everyone concerned can make out an excellent case for this or that solution; the looker-on can merely note that "wherever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together," though whether Gallery trustees up and down the country, and those learned and modest satraps of culture, museum directors, regard themselves as eagles (or vultures) is another matter.

While many of us regret that Chatsworth, of all places, is to lose these particular works of art, we can at least rejoice that Hardwick Hall and its contents—also part of the settlement with the Treasury—is to remain intact, for the mansion and nearly everything in it is one and indivisible. True enough, much of the furniture is of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but there is a great deal there which was placed in the building when Bess of Hardwick moved in from the older house a few yards away. Indeed, one can go further in the case of many of the magnificent tapestries; the rooms were actually designed to fit them, so that you can almost say that the house was tailor-made to their dimensions.

Some years ago a captain—no, a field marshal—of industry told me that he liked nothing better than to escape from his responsibilities for an afternoon and sit in the park at Hardwick gazing out at the wide open spaces of Derbyshire and admiring the perspicacity, if not the character, of that remarkable personage, Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury. Managing women—I don't quite see why—always seem twice as tiresome as managing men, and Elizabeth Hardwick, third daughter of a landowner, was a singularly unattractive specimen of the breed as far as one can judge from her life story, and not paying attention to the very poor portrait in the house, in which the mask of the face might do duty for either Queen Elizabeth I or the Empress Dowager of China. It is wholly unfair, but one always begins by being prejudiced against a woman who survives four husbands, acquires a substantial fortune from each one of them, and lives prosperously to a tyrannous old age; you remember what you have read about the matrimonial habits of the female spider. What seems specially unpleasant is that her second husband, Sir William Cavendish, left her all his wealth in spite of the claims of children by two former wives, and the third, Sir William St. Loe, followed suit. The fourth was the sixth Earl of Shrewsbury, who seems to have had something resembling a mind of his own. Mary Queen of Scots was placed in his charge, Bess grew jealous, they quarrelled and she left

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

### HARDWICK HALL AND ITS BUILDER.

him; but even then, when he died in 1590, she inherited his estate.

However, all this is a long story. The point is that, thanks to the wealth and the craze for building of this fascinating and alarming termagant, Hardwick Hall remains intact to this day as a superb example of late-sixteenth-century domestic architecture. I should say Bess of

to the second floor. She was also highly original in her notions of what a staircase ought to be. Her contemporaries generally devised what is to me a complicated, over-decorated, dust-catching construction of carved oak with turned balusters, heraldic lions and what not, and enveloped the whole in a gloom left over from the Middle Ages. Not so this quadruply-widowed enthusiast—local stone for her and shallow treads, with light streaming in from the side in a gentle ascent; a nobler conception, I suggest—or at least as fine a one—as the famous "High Great Presence Chamber" to which it leads.

Some call this the most beautiful room in Europe: as I have not yet seen one-tenth of its possible competitors, I am not competent to express an opinion on the point. Enough to say that it is a fine room, beautifully proportioned and with enormous windows, and rendered the more magnificent by its eight Brussels tapestries, which are recorded in the original accounts as having been bought in 1587 (that is, two years before the building was started). They exactly fill the space between wainscot and frieze, which is clear proof that the room was specially planned for them.

The other remarkable thing about this room is the frieze above the tapestries; painted plaster by a local man, Bess's own plasterer, Adam Smith, who has produced, in low relief, a very lively and charming version of the story of Diana, a portion of which comes out very well in the photograph

Diana in the forest surrounded by her attendants and accompanied by various creatures, including a pair of pygmy elephants. All this is finely proportioned to the size of the room and is good fun besides—an opinion which did not appear to be shared by the half-dozen who with us had paid their half-crowns and were being shown round at the same time. These gazed glumly at tapestries, frieze, needlework, and other wonders, and registered no spark of animation whatever. Their reward came later: their eyes fell upon a signed photograph of Queen Mary, and the day was made for them—they tottered out into a bright spring afternoon well content. I suppose that among many tapestries the most important are thirteen pieces of Brussels tapestry in the Gallery which were woven for Sir Christopher Hatton in 1578 and were bought from his heir by Bess in 1592 for £326.

Those whose main interest is needle-work will find a great amount of the finest sort which has survived from the sixteenth century. As to the furniture, there are several magnificent beds complete with their original hangings, numerous Franco-Flemish side-tables and cupboards of about 1580, and many later pieces—stools of the Restoration period and a good deal from the eighteenth century. But in essentials the house is as it was planned, built and lived in by its formidable original owner. I am not suggesting that she was in any way a lovable person or that it is possible to feel sympathetic towards her. None

the less, everyone can rejoice that a way has been found to preserve intact, in spite of the harsh pressure of economics, the dream she dreamt and brought to fulfilment.



"A FINE ROOM, BEAUTIFULLY PROPORTIONED AND WITH ENORMOUS WINDOWS": PART OF THE HIGH GREAT CHAMBER OF HARDWICK HALL, SHOWING THREE OF THE EIGHT PIECES OF BRUSSELS TAPESTRY AND A SECTION OF THE NOTED PLASTER FRIEZE.

Further photographs of Hardwick Hall were reproduced in our last issue. It was recently announced that the Hall, its contents and Hardwick Park had been accepted by the Treasury as part of the settlement of estate duty on the estate of the tenth Duke of Devonshire, who died in 1950, and that negotiations were proceeding for the transfer of them to the National Trust.



THE LONG GALLERY, WHICH RUNS THE WHOLE LENGTH OF THE EAST SIDE OF HARDWICK HALL. THE CANOPY IS FROM THE FORMER STATE BED AT CHATSWORTH, WHICH WAS MADE BY LAPIERRE IN 1697 FOR THE 1ST DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE. SOME OF THE THIRTEEN BRUSSELS TAPESTRIES IN THE GALLERY, WHICH WERE BOUGHT BY ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY, FOR £326 IN 1592, CAN ALSO BE SEEN.

Hardwick was much in advance of her time in demanding light, for nothing is more striking than the immense windows, which increase progressively in height from the ground upwards

## IN EDINBURGH: PAINTINGS FROM A FINE SCOTTISH COLLECTION.



"LANDSCAPE WITH A ROAD BESIDE A RIVER," BY RICHARD WILSON (1714-1782). THIS SCENE MAY BE A REMINISCENCE OF WILSON'S JOURNEY THROUGH FRANCE ON HIS WAY TO ITALY IN 1750.  
(Oil on canvas; 35 by 48 ins.)



"HAARLEM FROM THE BLEACHING GROUNDS," BY JACOB VAN RUISDAEL (1629-1682). THIS AND A COMPANION PICTURE IN THE EXHIBITION DATE FROM ABOUT 1676-81. (Oil on canvas; 16½ by 16½ ins.)



"SHEPHERD HOLDING A PIPE," BY GIOVANNI GIROLAMO SAVOLDO, WHO WAS BORN c. 1480.  
(Oil on canvas; 40 by 34½ ins.)



"MOTHER AND CHILD," BY GERARD SOEST (WHO DIED IN 1681). IN AN INVENTORY OF 1771 THIS PAINTING, WHICH MAY REPRESENT THE ARTIST'S WIFE AND CHILD, IS LISTED AS "A MADONNA."  
(Oil on canvas; 36½ by 32½ ins.)



"AN UNKNOWN LADY," BY PONTORMO (JACOPO CARRUCCI—1494-1557). A TYPICAL WORK BY THIS ARTIST.  
(Oil on canvas; 42 by 32 ins.)



"BATHSHEBA AT HER TOILET," BY CORNELIS VAN POELLENBURG (1586-1667) WHO WAS BORN, AND DIED, IN Utrecht BUT SPENT SOME TIME IN ENGLAND. (Oil on canvas; 15½ by 12½ ins.)



"AS THE OLD SING, SO THE YOUNG PIPE," BY JAKOB JORDAENS (1593-1678). THE PICTURE'S RECENT CLEANING HAS REVEALED ITS VIGOROUS HANDLING AND FLAMBOYANT COLOURING. (Oil on canvas; 57½ by 85½ ins.)

A fine exhibition of paintings which is delighting art-lovers during the Edinburgh Festival will remain open until September 15. This exhibition, at the National Gallery of Scotland, Edinburgh, consists of forty of the most interesting paintings from Gosford House, Longniddry, East Lothian, which have been lent by the Earl of Wemyss and March. The paintings shown do not include any family portraits, but they are representative of the rest of the collection. The importance of this collection is largely due to the

seventh Earl (1723-1808), who acquired the majority of the Dutch pictures, and to the tenth Earl (1818-1914), who bought most of the Italian ones. The one example of work by a native British painter is the early "Landscape with a Road Beside a River" (seen above, top left), by Richard Wilson. The exhibition, which has been organised and catalogued by the Gallery's staff, has been financed by the Scottish Committee of the Arts Council. Several of the paintings have been cleaned recently.



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



## BETWEEN THE CASTLES.

By J. C. TREWIN.

ONCE more I am shuttling happily between the castles. They are separated by more than twenty miles. Here is the "hold of ragged stone" that I can see now from my window, with the lawns green and summer-smooth about it, and in the foreground its bulky, detached dovecote. And there, away on its misty crag, a nightly mirage in the Scottish sky, is the great Castle of Edinburgh that guards Old Town and New.

That is for me the sign and crown of an Edinburgh Festival. This year's is the eleventh, and it is fantastic to realise that we came up first in 1947. Since then, as a most handsome review of the decade (published by the Edinburgh Festival Society) now testifies, the world has come to Scotland. On the cover are ballet-dancers and a photograph of Fernando Corena (in Verdi's "Falstaff"). Good; but I would make another choice: possibly a scene from that extraordinary piece of Scots history, "Ane Satyre of the Thrie Estaites," which, with the Castle, is for me another Festival mark. But, then, I think naturally in terms of drama. We have had some memorable work during the years: the road by the Forth, between the castles, can be haunted for me, on my nightly drive, by memories of, say, Bridie's "The Queen's Comedy," a mingling of mortals and immortals that should have had a better fate; and a set of Old Vic revivals from which I think now, in particular, of John Neville's choked terror after Macduff's discovery of the murder, and Alec Clunes's wry visage as Zeal-of-the-Land-Busy in "Bartholomew Fair."

I must not loiter down the catalogue, though still the list beside me is tempting: nights of conflict over Eliot, whose plays, I fear, do not wear well; the cry of "Kill that man!" at the end of the second act of Morgan's "The River Line"; the progress of Dylan Thomas's village through the dawning and the spring day; Irene Worth's emotion in Thornton Wilder's "A Life in the Sun"; and the integrity of Christopher Hassall's "The Player King," one of those rich gifts to our theatre that fashion temporarily overlooks. Again, I must stop myself from recording every visit from abroad—some of our guests, I find inhospitably, are less easy to recall than I had hoped—and also such an extra as the recreation of Allan Ramsay's "The Gentle Shepherd" in the High School at midnight. We came from it in 1949, walking along Princes Street in the early morning, to see the Old Town ridge in fantastic and oddly delicate silhouette against the paling sky, another mirage in this city of recurrent mirages.

Resolutely, I close the book. The year is 1957, and the eleventh Festival has just begun. It was drizzling a little as we drove up, by the links and through the straggling villages beside the river; but we found an Edinburgh shining with flowers: I have rarely known such a wealth of blossom and scent as greeted visitors to the Festival Club in George Street. As on so many Festival nights, the curtain of the Royal Lyceum Theatre rose at seven-thirty; and having got so far, a grateful chronicler of enthusiasms past, I have now to confess that the first play is a dull enough invitation to the ball: "Nekrassov," by Jean-Paul Sartre, in the version by Sylvia and George Leeson.

This is labelled a farce, the last description one would expect of any work by Jean-Paul Sartre. When I hear his name I think of the taut, terrifying "Huis Clos," which we have met here as "Vicious Circle," an hour (literally) in Hell:

four people in the circle of the damned. There is also the dreary "Lucifer and the Lord" (unstaged in this country), in which Sartre is as turgidly verbose as in "Huis Clos" he is closely economical.



IN EDINBURGH: TWO FAVOURITE SCOTTISH PLAYERS, LENNOX MILNE AS LADY ATHLESTANE AND DUNCAN MACRAE AS THOMAS AUCHTERLECKIE, A NABOB, IN ROBERT McLELLAN'S "THE FLOUERS O' EDINBURGH" AT THE GATEWAY THEATRE.



"THIS IS A SATIRE ON THE VENALITY OF THE POPULAR FRENCH PRESS AND ON THE WAYS OF FRENCH POLITICS": "NEKRASSOV" (ROYAL LYCEUM, EDINBURGH), SHOWING A SCENE FROM JEAN-PAUL SARTRE'S PLAY IN WHICH NEKRASSOV (ROBERT HELPMANN) COMES FACE TO FACE WITH MOUTON (FELIX FELTON; LEFT). ALSO IN THIS SCENE ARE JULES PALOTIN (HARRY H. CORBETT) AND HIS SECRETARY (ANNE STEELE).

In "Nekrassov" he is in his most talkative mood. This is a satire on the venality of the popular French Press and on the ways of French politics. A much-wanted crook fools a Right-Wing newspaper,

edited by a self-styled "Napoleon of the Objective Press," merely by posing as an escaped Russian statesman, Nekrassov. The idea is potentially useful; but Sartre, laughing at his own jokes, has not known where to stop, and three hours or so—clearly to be shortened when the play reaches London—is much too long for the substance of the invention. What begins passably, deteriorates into a noisy charade, though Sartre can flick out such a line, now and again, as "The dawn—I haven't seen it for twenty-five years. Hasn't it aged!"

"Nekrassov" could be a better play than it is. Moreover, it suffers badly in performance. I did not see it at Unity Theatre, when it was first acted in England and spoken of cheerfully in some quarters, but I did see it done by a Birmingham amateur theatre, the Crescent. This was a fair shot. In retrospect, I fancy that it was quite as enjoyable as the English Stage Company's version at Edinburgh. The present cast, under George Devine's direction, appears to have been mesmerised into thinking that the play is more important than it is. Production and performance are sluggish and self-conscious, though everything is designed to give a superficial impression of speed. Robert Helpmann, who has to carry the piece, wanders into grey monotony. He is an agile actor with little invention or vocal variety: the tones rasp, and too soon the man he acts ceases to be the friend we expect any hero of farce to be.

Once the leading character of such a piece as this forsakes us, there is nothing much left. Still, even in the most disappointing evening we can get gleams of light. At least, "Nekrassov" gives a chance to George Benson, who is—shall I say?—toothily touching and real as a little man in a predicament. Sartre clearly enjoyed creating this character, and Benson has taken the cue. I like,

too, the sad inspector who never gets his man, and who has a trick of entering with such a line as this: "Naturally, madam, you haven't seen a dark man about five-feet-ten in height." "Naturally I haven't," comes the reply, and the inspector murmurs glumly, "I am sure of it." He is acted by Roddy Macmillan with amiable melancholy, like a drowsing bloodhound (say, Sexton Blake's *Pedro* waking after a thick night). I find it hard to be excited by the remainder of the cast, and Harry H. Corbett, as the fantastic editor who crashes, shares in the prevailing monotony. How tired I got of his braces!

I feel, having met it twice, that "Nekrassov" is a piece that cannot take a second hearing. It lacks the wit and the ingenuity. It sags into silence, choked by its own loquacity, its own insistence on the same joke. This was never a very good play, and its production, I regret to report, left me in low spirits—not heightened by a glance, on the way back, at the work of a protean Irish artist in one of the many fringe theatres: a pleasant young comedian, who is as yet "o'erparted."

So back to the second Castle, soothed by the night drive through the "Honest Toun" of Musselburgh, and by the battlefield of Prestonpans, the wall of Gosford—with the lights of Fife twinkling on the farther shore—the little village of Aberlady (once the port for Haddington), Gullane's links, and the green of Dirleton. Beyond, the mound of North Berwick Law is lost in summer darkness. Cheer up: the bulk of the Festival is still to come. Edinburgh, I am sure, will do much better than "Nekrassov," and I look with some expectancy to at least three premières.

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"MAN OF DISTINCTION" (Lyceum, Edinburgh).—Walter Hasenclever's play in Festival production by Denis Carey, with Anton Walbrook and Moira Shearer. (August 26.)

"THE AGES OF MAN" (Freemasons' Hall, Edinburgh).—Sir John Gielgud in a Shakespeare recital. (August 26.)

"A LONESOME ROAD" (Arts Theatre Club, London).—A play by Philip King and Robin Maugham, directed by Jack Williams. (August 28.)

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THE EYES OF THE TOKAY GECKO ARE A DISTINCTIVE FEATURE. THE PUPILS ARE KEPT ALMOST SHUT IN THE LIGHT TO PROTECT THE SENSITIVE RETINAS.

### A CHIRPING REPTILE: THE TOKAY GECKO, SO CALLED FROM ITS CRY "TUK-KAA."



HOW THE TOKAY GECKO'S EYES WOULD APPEAR IN DARKNESS: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY MEANS OF INFRA-RED LIGHT.



(Above.) A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE EXPANDED DIGITS OF THE TOKAY GECKO. THIS SPECIMEN IS 9 INS. LONG.

THE Tokay Gecko is one of the types of lizard with a seemingly magic ability to run about in unlikely places. It can, for instance, scuttle up a window pane or across a ceiling. It is also capable—again like other types of lizard—of uttering a cry, and it is from this that it gets its name. The large, shiny eyes, which appear to be almost closed in daylight and only open fully in darkness, are another of its striking characteristics. Writing in "Animal Kingdom," the magazine of the New York Zoological Society, James A. Oliver has described the extraordinary climbing ability of geckos. "Originally," he explains, "it was believed that the digits functioned like suction cups. However, the detailed studies of Beni Charan Mahendra and others have shown that suction plays no part in the function of the digits. Most geckos have claws at the end of the digits and these are extremely thin and sharply pointed. The exposed

[Continued opposite.]



(Right.) A CLOSE-UP OF THE UNDER SIDE OF A HIND FOOT OF THE TOKAY GECKO, SHOWING THE SCALES (LAMELLAE) AND CLAWS.



(Above.) A GECKO ON A PIECE OF GLASS. MANY TYPES OF GECKO ARE CAPABLE OF RUNNING UP A WINDOW PANE.

*Continued.]*

surface of each lamella is made up of a vast number of microscopic projections that are recurved at the tip. The claws and the minute projections are inserted into minute irregularities of the surface on which the animal is walking. By a process of interlocking of the tiny projections, the foot adheres securely to the surface." The call of the Tokay Gecko is described by the British herpetologist, Malcolm Smith, as consisting of a preliminary cackle followed by the sound "tuk-kaa" repeated deliberately and distinctly several times and finally capped by a low gurgle. (The word gecko, incidentally, comes from *Geckonidae*, another onomatopoeic name.) Like most geckos, the Tokays are nocturnal in habit; hence the peculiar pupils of their eyes which protect their sensitive retinas from bright light. The Tokay Gecko is a native of the Far East, reaches a maximum length of 13 ins., is insectivorous and harmless to human beings although capable of inflicting a painful nip.

New York Zoological Society photographs by Sam Dunton.

## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

If an outstanding writer chooses to prelude his work with a little mystification and nonsense, it is no use quarrelling with him; one must accept that as part of the deal. And "Desert Love," by Henry de Montherlant (Elek; 15s.), is a rare bargain indeed—for all its drawbacks, and however teasing the Foreword. Here he tells us that what we are getting is the "love story" out of a long novel called "La Rose de Sable," on "the colonial question seen through the problem of the natives of North Africa," which he has kept for more than twenty years in a drawer. This work "may some day appear in its entirety, provided the moment is favourable." We are given to conclude that it is a *chef d'œuvre*; whereas "the present book is but extracts . . . and may run the risk of being but ephemeral. In advance, therefore, I reject responsibility for any confusion which may thereby arise."

Clearly the translator has not improved matters, but the last remark would surely be comic in any rendering. And looking back, one is inclined to diagnose bad conscience about the structure, and an all-too-human attempt to get away with it. For, indeed, Montherlant has done rather a careless job on his "but extracts"; the product is scrappy, strewn with allusions to non-existent events and characters who don't appear or don't come to anything, and, above all, utterly lacking in proportion. Which does not prevent the love-affair from being masterly, and a great deal of the rest wickedly brilliant. In outline—an outline both pure and simple, as of a long-short story—we have here the sad case of Lieutenant Auligny, a mediocre, slightly fat-headed young man with a refined heart. His mother has pushed him first into the army, then out to Morocco. The romance of the desert bores him stiff; and after three weeks at a horrid little oasis called Birbatine, he is frantic for a girl. Not nearly so much on sexual grounds as by way of a distraction: and later (when he is fixed up with the lovely, discreet, passive Ramie) as a source of warmth, and a channel for his abnormally delicate and sensitive human kindness. Plumb in the middle of this affair we get a contrasting view of his friend de Guiscart, the blue-blooded "modern Casanova" chasing from scalp to scalp: a glittering excursion, rather long-drawn. At last the boob falls in love, not only with Ramie, but through her with the Arab world. "Poor conquered folk"; he won't fight against them. No, he must needs jeopardise his career—and lose Ramie in the very act.

The love scenes have a remarkably chaste effect; the humour is exhilarating and deadly.

## OTHER FICTION.

"Sushila," by Graham McInnes (Cape; 18s.), presents the life-story of a genius. Sushila's father is Indian, her mother American. The child has become Indian plus; she is consumed with love of India and its masses, and herself and her art. And there her affections end. Other human beings either serve her painting, or interfere with it, or don't count. From the start she has decided never to marry or "be involved." Yet even as a child she is fascinating and highly sexed; she "wants men," but in her own way. Rather in a man's way, for relaxation. Only Kamat, a middle-aged painter to whom she was drawn as a child of twelve, ever shakes her principles; there is a brief honeymoon—and then she returns to painting herself into a decline.

Sushila is not an appealing figure, and, indeed, none of the figures manage to be attractive. It is the Indian scene—dense, ample and profoundly convincing—which gives the tale a notable quality.

"Seventy Times Seven," by G. B. Stern (Collins; 13s. 6d.), has the merit of being easy and pleasant to read, which is no small thing. There is a thesis—that we can't tell how we are affecting other people, or what may come of it—and there are illustrations, from the experience of a warm-hearted widow named Janice Arnot. Janice is shocked by a charge of "unforgivable cruelty" to an old friend—he won't say what. Was she ever cruel to him? Is she often cruel without knowing it? Can she have been cruel to Laurel, the school protégée, who finally dropped her? And so on. The puzzles are not connected; nor are the minor instances. Very digestible all the same.

"The Late Uncle Max," by Mary Fitt (Macdonald; 10s. 6d.), features a professor of music who has taken up archaeology on his retirement. After a lucky début at home, he transfers himself to the East Mediterranean island of Acanthos, where virgin sites are thick on the ground. Soon afterwards, his methods are scandalising the team; his nephew is having wife trouble; a hint of gold, or something else in the soil, is agitating the peasants and attracting foreign tycoons; and Professor Mellin is done to death in a trench during his siesta. The solution, as worked out by a hard-headed young bystander named Jack Dodds, is a blend of archaeology, analytical chemistry and histrionics. And yet for all this picturesque matter, backed by a kind of light-opera version of the heroic age, the tale is somehow rather perfunctory and charmless.

K. JOHN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## ON YUGOSLAVIA, AND ON TRAVEL BY SEA AND LAND.

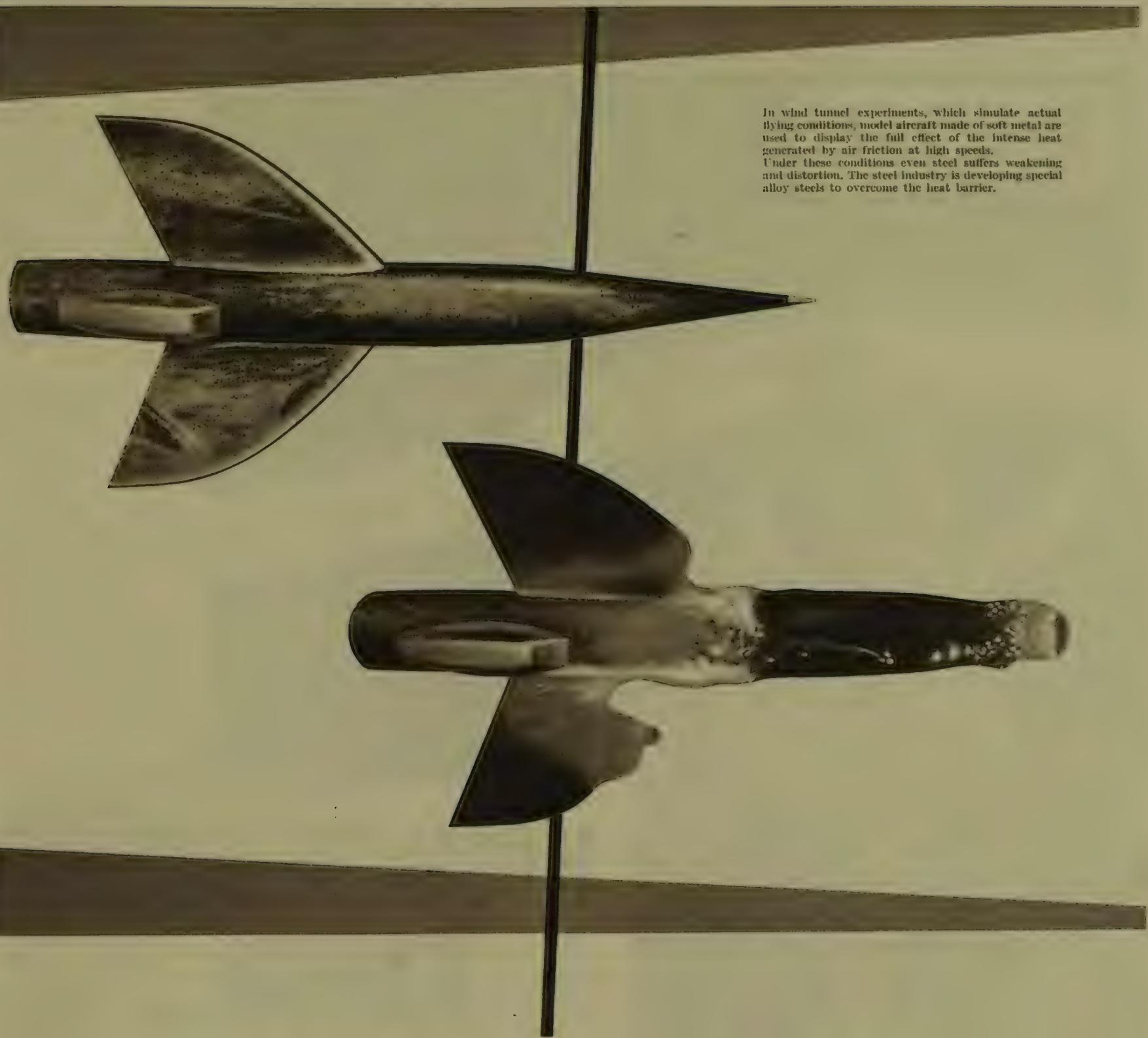
THERE is an inexorable quality about Brigadier Fitzroy Maclean's "Disputed Barricade" (Cape; 25s.), as though the author had taken on some of the ruthless impassivity of the Slavs whom he knows so well. He tells the story of Tito and the partisan war in Yugoslavia from 1941 onwards. In 1943, Brigadier Maclean himself went and worked with Tito, and inevitably played an important part in the doubts and disputes which arose during that contentious period. At the time he was regarded, no doubt with some justice, as the man who did more than any other to put Tito on the allied map, and this meant that he became known as a partisan of the Partisans, of the Communists as against the remnant of "loyalists" under General Draza Mihajlović. Many people in this country were anxious about these developments, which followed all too faithfully the pattern of what was going on further East, where admiration for the stout resistance of our Russian ally and the sentiment of comradeship in battle was becoming dangerously confused with wishful thinking about Communism and about post-war Utopias. We are all a good deal less ardent about Tito than we were, and I get the impression that Brigadier Maclean's own emotions have been recollected in considerable tranquillity. But I should do this book less than justice if I did not record at once that it is the most impartial scrutiny of events which cry aloud for partiality that I have ever read. Here is nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice. Tito himself, Mihajlović, Cardinal Stepinac, Djilas—all are given their lights and shades. "All these characters," writes the author, "have one thing in common: the courage of their convictions, political, ideological, religious; their readiness to die for an idea, though not for the same idea. It has been found possible, without doing serious violence to the facts, to present one or other of them as a hero and the rest as villains. I have preferred simply to set out the facts, in so far as I have been able to ascertain them, to place upon them what seems to me the most convincing interpretation, and to leave my readers to pass such judgment as they desire on men confronted with dilemmas and with conflicts of loyalty which they themselves, in all probability, have not yet had to face."

Did that "yet" slip in unconsciously, or does it hold a deliberate menace? Since Brigadier Maclean has chosen to emulate the Sphinx—timeless, passionless and enigmatic—he cannot be expected to tell us. The word appears in the last line, but it seemed to haunt me all through the book. Here, indeed, are dilemmas which, let us hope, will never come to tax our consciences and our courage. One last word in praise of this important and fascinating work: the author is impartial without being colourless. This is not only a chronicle, but an adventure story. As for who is the hero and who the villain, the reader may make his own choice. I will only say that my own (as I thought) settled convictions on the subject have been more than a little disturbed.

Whatever one may feel about four-masted sailing-ships, they are at least totally unideological. The men who sailed in them may perhaps have been rough, but they were not complex and tortuous, like Balkan politicians. So I turned with relief to A. A. Hurst's "Ghosts on the Sea-Line" (Cassell; 30s.), a lament for the passing of the great barques, schooners, and clippers—"these splendid ships," as Masefield wrote, "each with her grace, her glory." Mr. Hurst is not a poet; he is not even a very good writer. His book has no discernible beginning, middle nor end. The author sails on from story to story, and it is not easy to remember whether his shipmates are Finns or Swedes, and which of the Seven Seas his ship is ploughing. None of this matters in the least. If the reader who takes up this book does not find, when he has finished it, that he has in his head an excellent picture of life on board a sailing-ship, I (like some of Mr. Hurst's friends) am a Dutchman. I did not know that penguins are bad-tempered, or that sharks do not normally attack humans unless they are very hungry. I did not know (and shall doubtless forget) the difference between a main topmast staysail and a mizzen lower top-gallant-sail. But I shall not forget the feel of the sea which Mr. Hurst so admirably conveys nor the magnificent photographs which illustrate his book.

From the sea to the high hills. Mr. John Clark, the author of "Hunza: Himalayas" (Hutchinson; 21s.), is an American geologist who spent some time among the people of this little kingdom, doctoring them, teaching them, and bringing them as much of the elements of civilisation and hygiene as they could reasonably be expected to absorb. If you are a connoisseur of travel books, you may enjoy this book very much. Mr. Clark writes with enthusiasm and with a certain brightness. He is informative, and illustrates his text with plenty of photographs.

Just such another book is "Treasure Seeker in China" (Cresset; 21s.), by Orvar Karlbeck. In this case the author is an archaeologist and an art expert, so that his work will be of particular interest to those who share his tastes. It is not a treatise, but a readable account of his travels.—E. D. O'BRIEN.



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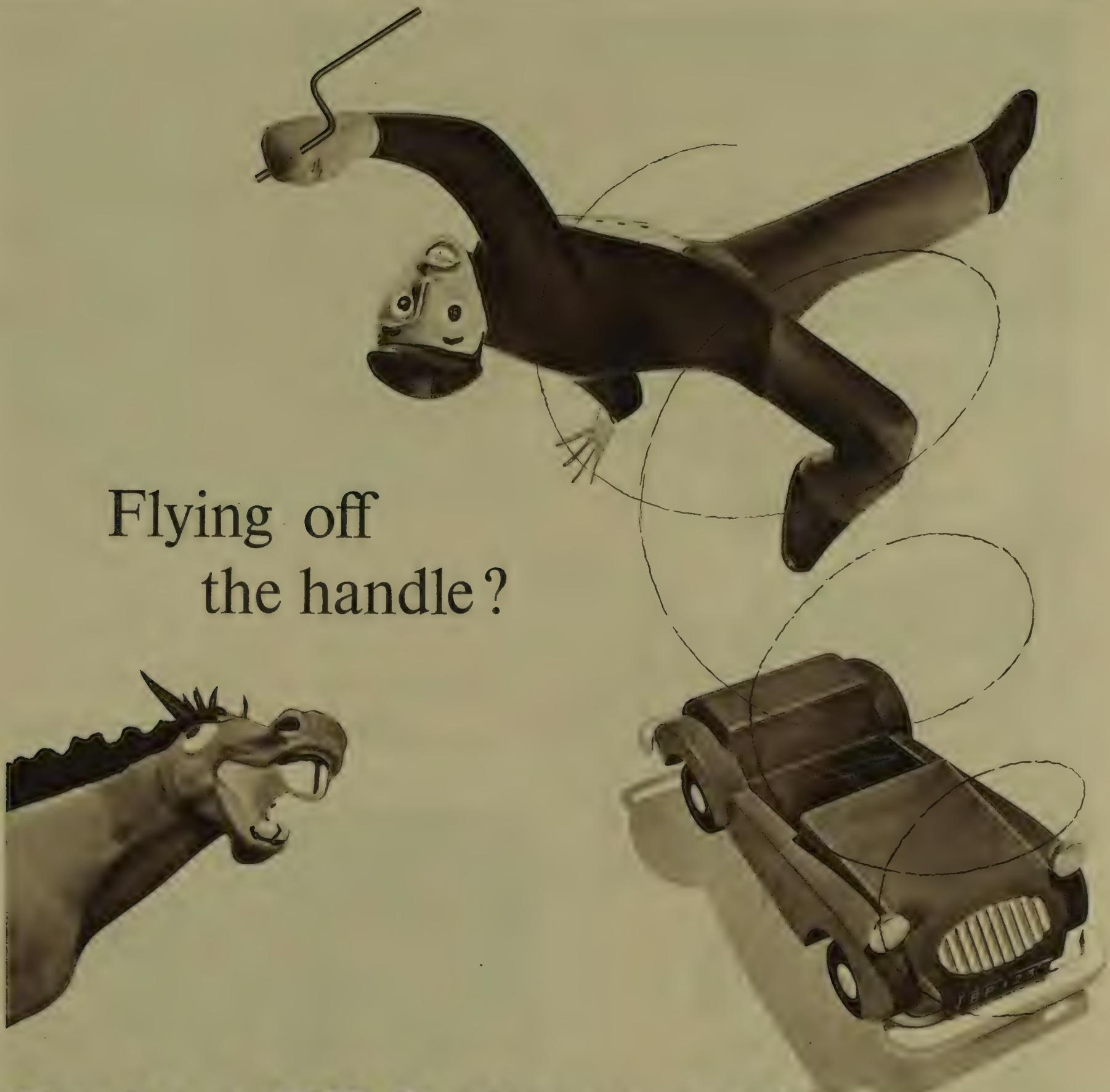
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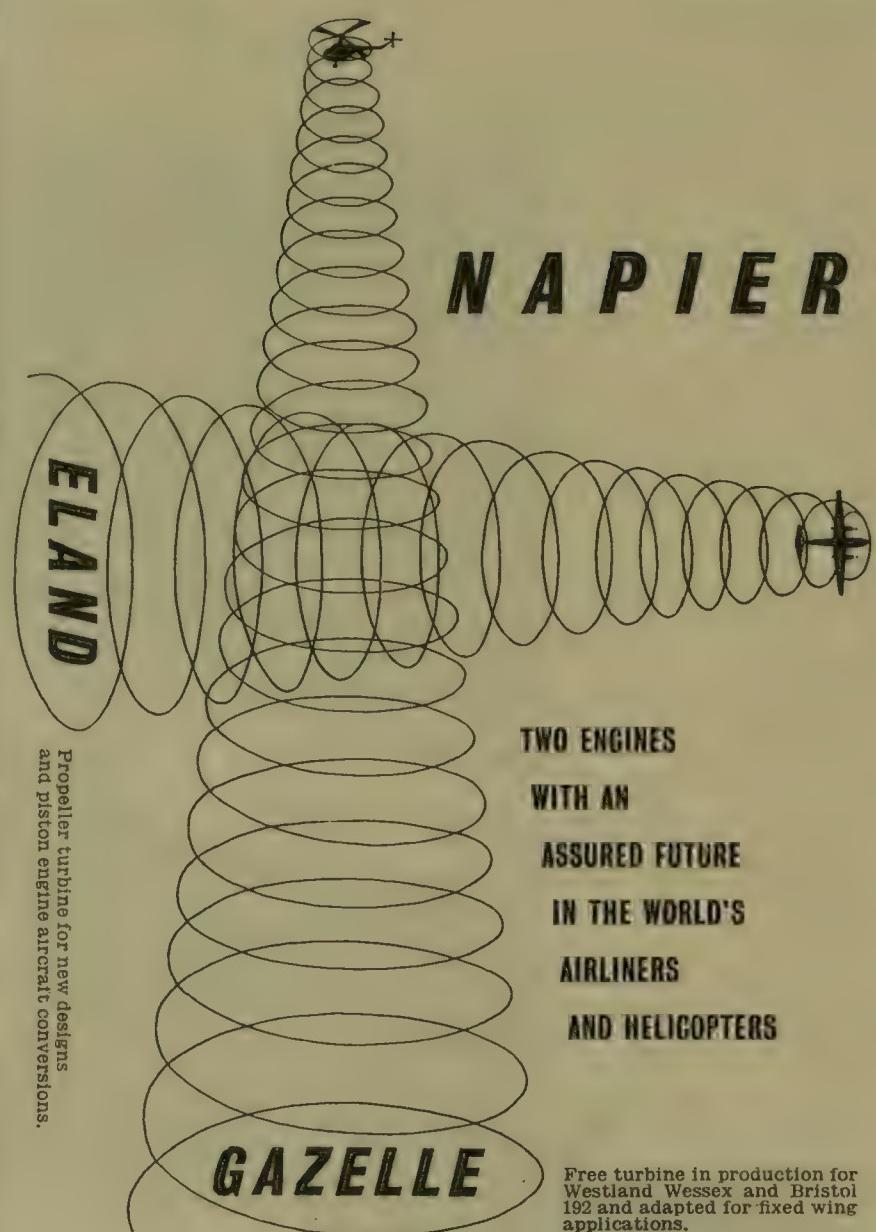
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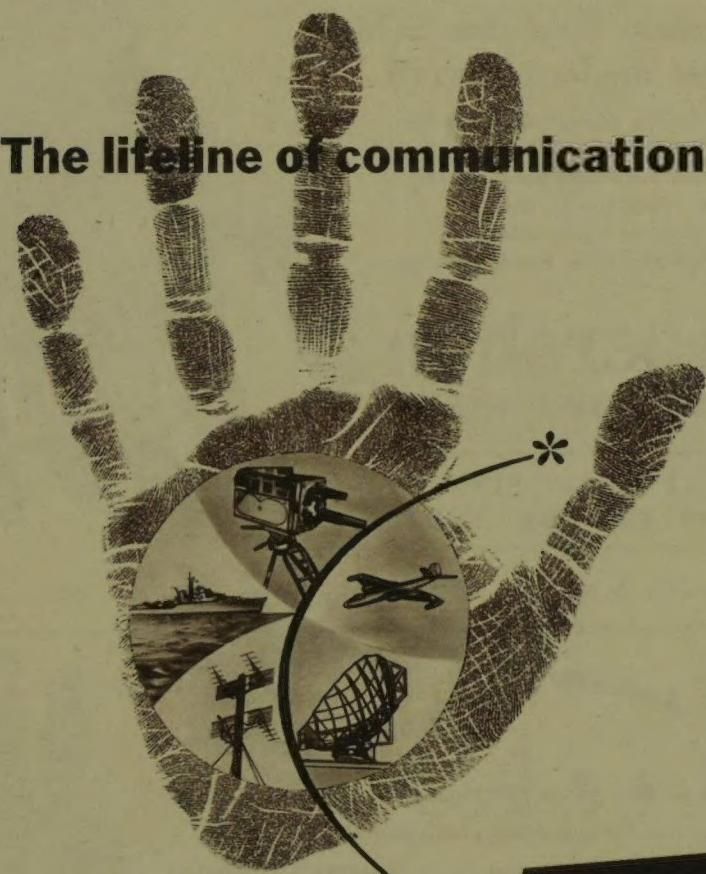
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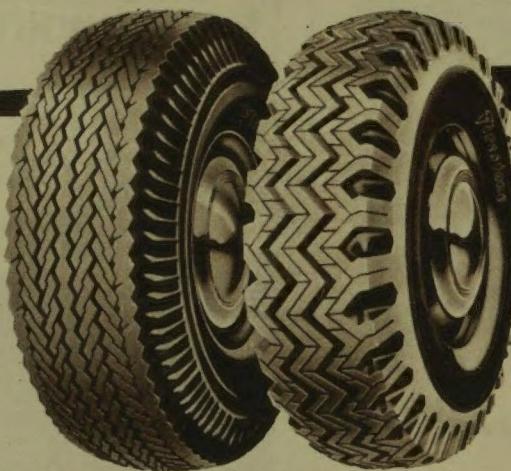
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